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The World's Wit and Humor

The World's Wit and Humor

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The World's Wit and Humor

BRITISH

Volume VII

Fielding to Burney

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British Wit and Humor

Henry Fielding

The Immersion of an Ambassador

THE doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy, and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose at their leisure hours to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish pay." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Aye," says the parson eagerly, "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and further said that he believed he could describe it. "I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, one one side of which sat a king and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both

sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech full of virtue and goodness and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars, for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was, indeed, a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man, and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared, "He was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen."

He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket;

on these stools were placed the king and queen: namely, the master of the house and the captain.

And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor; who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn. He then searched for his crab-stick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

—*"Joseph Andrews."*

Leonard and Paul

Leonard and Paul were two friends, who, having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds that a long absence, during

which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it. But it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years' absence, most of which time Leonard had spent in the East, while Paul had served his king and country in the army. In which different services they had found such different success, that Leonard was now married and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to a degree of a lieutenant of foot and was not worth a single shilling.

The regiment in which Paul was stationed happened to be ordered into quarters within a small distance from the estate which Leonard had purchased, and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter sessions in the town where his old friend was quartered, soon after his arrival. Some affair in which a soldier was concerned occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood and time and the change of climate had so much altered Leonard that Paul did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance. But it was otherwise with Leonard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprised, but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered than he returned his embrace with a passion which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation. Leonard insisted on his friend's returning with him to his house that evening; which request was complied with, and leave for a month's absence for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

If it were possible for any circumstance to give any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed in this visit,

he received that additional pleasure by finding, on his arrival at his friend's house, that his lady was an old acquaintance which he had formerly contracted at his quarters, and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable temper; a character she had ever maintained among her intimates, being of that number every individual of which is called quite the best sort of woman in the world.

But, good as this lady was, she was still a woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an angel. For though her person was of that kind to which men attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was perfectly womanly. Of which a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable and perhaps most pernicious instance.

A day or two passed after Paul's arrival before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus: "If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this." The answer to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some addition, as, "I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right." During all these disputes Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without showing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when madam had left the room in a violent fury, Leonard could not refrain from referring his cause to

his friend. "Was ever anything so unreasonable," says he, "as this woman? What shall I do with her? I dote on her to distraction; nor have I any cause to complain of, more than this obstinacy in her temper; whatever she asserts, she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice." "First," says Paul, "I will give my opinion, which is, flatly, that you are in the wrong; for, supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you were married in a red or a yellow waistcoat? For that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken; as you love her, you say, so tenderly—and I believe she deserves it—would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or yourself any uneasiness? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife that in all disputes, especially about trifles, that party who is most convinced they are right shall always surrender the victory; by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause." "I own," said Leonard, "my dear friend," shaking him by the hand, "there is great truth and reason in what you say, and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice."

They soon after broke up the conversation, and Leonard, going to his wife, asked her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her, and both agreed that he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When next they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul, and asked him, with the sweetest

voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock. "Potted partridge, my dear, you mean," says the husband. "My dear," says she, "I ask your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am sure I must know, who potted it." "I think I should know, too, who shot them," replied the husband, "and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year. However, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock, if you desire to have it so." "It is equal to me," says she, "whether it is one or the other; but you would persuade one out of one's senses. To be sure, you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating." Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening.

The next morning the lady, accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend and of her side, accosted him thus: "I am certain, sir, you have long since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man, but so positive that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night, now, was ever any creature so unreasonable? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong?" Paul, after a short silence, spoke as follows: "I am sorry, madam, that, as good manners obliges me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest, you were entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge." "Oh sir!" replied the lady, "I cannot possibly help your taste." "Madam," returned Paul, "that is very little material; for, had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission." "Indeed, sir,"

says she, "I assure you!" "Yes, madam," cried he, "he might, from a person of your excellent understanding. And pardon me for saying, such a condescension would have shown a superiority of sense even to your husband himself." "But, dear sir," said she, "why should I submit when I am in the right?" "For that very reason," answered he; "it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable; for can anything be a greater object of our compassion than a person we love in the wrong?" "Aye, but I should endeavour," said she, "to set him right." "Pardon me, madam," answered Paul, "I will apply to your own experience if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it. For my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest are the warmest." "Why," says she, "I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it."

The husband then coming in, Paul departed. And Leonard, approaching his wife with the air of good humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night; but he was now convinced of his error. She answered, smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complacence; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost goodwill to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

Paul now passed his time with great satisfaction, these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual. But the devil, or some unlucky accident in which

perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method.

One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour; the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all— The husband replied: "My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all, too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side." "Nay," says she, "since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jackey to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterward he thought me so." "My dear," replied the husband, "I will not dispute your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said he would have acted in the same manner." They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all of which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earn-

estly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

However ungenerous this behaviour in Leonard may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise from him (though with difficulty) to follow her advice. But they both expressed such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Leonard aside, pressed him so home that he at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the design with which he had done it. To which the other answered, he would have acted more friendly to have let him into the whole design, for that he might have assured himself of his secrecy. Paul replied, with some indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof how capable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. Leonard concluded with warmth, he had more reason to upbraid him, for that he had caused most of the quarrels between them by his strange conduct, and might (if they had not discovered the affair to each other) have been the occasion of their separation.—"*Joseph Andrews.*"

Slippery Sailors

Our captain, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, so he phrased it, as commander of a privateer, and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did

not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recall them. They acknowledged him as their master while they remained on shipboard, but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot than every man became his own master, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the Happy; but, unluckily for them, there are in every seaport in England certain houses whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose they are always well furnished with those cordial liquors which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others, from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of cheerfulness and thanksgiving for the many wonderful blessings with which a seafaring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess I have thought the strange story of Circe in the "Odyssey" no other than an ingenious allegory, in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction which we intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks was the plain design of the "Iliad," so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the "Odyssey." For the improvement of this their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of pirates or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being

probably the first institution of commerce before the Ars Cauponaria was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metabletic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his "Politics," into the Chrematistic.

By this allegory, then, I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging at least some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the seafaring men of all ages and nations; and here, perhaps, may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratification of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience, and very probably gave us their lessons with a full stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself,

when well filled with calipash and calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and expects no more pleasure from his throat during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash—a simile which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks, the more he desires; as if, like Mark Antony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to a filthily immoderate degree, without any exhibition of shame. Hence, as with the gang of Captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, though he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this transformation, being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induced no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer, or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having, indeed, as entirely forgotten themselves as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs, but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes,

by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, were it not for one circumstance, that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost anything, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons, or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious that the very naked hook will go down, and the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a Christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change how it pleases while all hands are on shore; the anchor would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so, in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage; for though it may appear to persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backward and forward, at the same instant, yet, certain it is that the land is so contrived that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the end of his journey, but that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow may be totally

lost and thrown away by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation whose manufactures are thus liable to lie unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestalled by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniences, the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power; he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly that none but the greatest or least of men can break through them with impunity; but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish, the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak a plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, though your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

What, then, is to be done in this case? What, indeed, but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth, lay good and bad men in equal durance; and though he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds anything too minute for their detention, but will hold the smallest reptile alive so fast in his noose that he can never get out till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empowered to convey the delinquent either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place.

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much worse than we have hitherto shown it to be; for, notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the *Elizabeth,* if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board the better ship the *Mary,* either before their setting out or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter without any other danger than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom Christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a Christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expense for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the House of Commons. Not that I would insinuate that the Legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service; but as these gentlemen are by their attendance in the House unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that branch of knowledge as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into Parliament, without a single fish among them.—"*A Voyage to Lisbon.*"

Partridge at the Play

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burned in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress, something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture? Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue until the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage. "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of

anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it were really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet, if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward, if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh, here he is again! No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them. Not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterward, when he

found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case? But hush! Oh, la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are."

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than, "That he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now; is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me—and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears—I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me, what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cried Partridge, "I know it's only a play; and, besides, if there were anything in all this, Madame Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil were here in person. There, there; aye, no wonder you are in such a passion! Shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she were my own

mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Aye, go about your business; I hate the sight of you!"

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, then he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away. For your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that would have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Aye, aye, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are. I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought."

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best." To this he answered, with some appear-

ance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country. The king for my money! He speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

—"*Tom Jones.*"

Essay on Nothing

The great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing, then, is not Something. And here I must object to a third error

concerning it, which is, that it is in no place—which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas, indeed, it possesses the greatest and noblest place upon this earth, viz., the human brain. But, indeed, this mistake has been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men, who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded *that there is Nothing in this world.*

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is—a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of Something; but when that is let out we aptly say that there is Nothing in it. The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace or with title, yet if he have not Something in him we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder. . . .

Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers, and perhaps may be suspected from some, at least, of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing. . . .

Nothing may be heard, of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. That Nothing may be tasted and smelt, is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear that such a thing smells or tastes of Nothing! The latter I have heard asserted of a dish composed of five or six savoury ingredients. . . .

Some have felt the motions of the spirit, and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now, there seem two plain instances that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing.*

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus, there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, etc. Some have imagined that Knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared that he knew Nothing. But, without carrying it so far, this, I believe, may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understands them right, he understands Nothing. . . .

I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared that they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. "Explain it?" said the gentleman. "Why, he means Nothing."

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among

persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all. Whereas, in reality, nothing is more common; for, not to instance myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may be incontestably proved, *ab effectu,* that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the "Posthumous Eclogues" of a late ingenious young gentleman says: "There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But, indeed, there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterward, and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing." . . .

Nothing contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an infamous, worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists. It may not, perhaps, be consistent with his dignity to give you an answer; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it is inherent in the title, might he not be told that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed—but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary? In short, to examine no farther, since his endeavour to derive it from any other fountain would be equally impotent, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing.

A man must have very little discernment who can live long in courts or populous cities without being convinced of the great dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid—namely, to Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect so frequently paid to Nothing is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word) the Nothingest of all Nothings. . . .

As Nothing is the end of the world, so it is of everything in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and Godlike of all passions, what doth it end in? Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger? Could they speak for themselves, must they not own that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition alone. What is become of that proud mistress of the world—*caput triumphati orbis*—that Rome of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality? In what has all her glory ended? Surely in Nothing. . . .

Seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing

with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may rest assured of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied that, while ministers of State are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward, true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity will most certainly bring their possessors—Nothing.

Opening Scenes of "Tom Thumb the Great"

CHARACTERS

KING ARTHUR, *a passionate sort of king, husband to* QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, *of whom he stands a little in fear; father to* HUNCAMUNCA (*whom he is very fond of*) *and in love with* GLUMDALCA.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT, *a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for* HUNCAMUNCA.

GHOST OF GAFFER THUMB, *a whimsical sort of ghost.*

LORD GRIZZLE, *extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with* HUNCAMUNCA.

MERLIN, *a conjuror, and in some sort father to* TOM THUMB.

NOODLE *and* DOODLE, *courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is undermost.*

FOODLE, *a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost.*

BAILIFF *and* FOLLOWER, *of the party of the plaintiff.*

PARSON, *of the side of the Church.*

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, *wife to* KING ARTHUR, *and mother to* HUNCAMUNCA, *a woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago toward her husband, and in love with* TOM THUMB.

The PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, *daughter to their Majesties* KING ARTHUR *and* QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, *of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with* LORD GRIZZLE *and* TOM THUMB, *and desirous to be married to them both.*

GLUMDALCA, *of the giants, a captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in love with* TOM THUMB.

CLEORA, MUSTACHA, *maids of honour in love with* NOODLE *and* DOODLE.

COURTIERS, GUARDS, REBELS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS, THUNDER *and* LIGHTNING.

SCENE.—*The Court of* KING ARTHUR, *and a plain thereabouts.*

DOODLE *and* NOODLE.

Doodle. Sure such a day as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birthday suit:
This down the seams embroidered, that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.

Nood. This day, oh, Mr. Doodle, is a day—
Indeed, a day we never saw before.
The mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes;

Millions of giants crowd his chariot-wheels,
Giants to whom the giants in Guildhall
Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard
Hops at the head of a huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, oh, Arthur, did thy genius reign!

Nood. They tell me it is whisper'd in the books
Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some god, my Noodle, stept into the place
Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. Sure he was sent express
From heaven to be the pillar of our State.
Though small his body be, so very small
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
So does this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
The giant nurses frighten children with it,
And cry, "Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the child away!"

Nood. But hark these trumpets speak the King's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.

(*Flourish.*)

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

King. Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile, Dollallolla. Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a swoln gutter gushing through the streets?
Queen. Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.
King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.
Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.
King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.
Queen (*aside*). Though I already half-seas over am,
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack punch, 'fore George, I'll see it out!
Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop.
King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your will. (*Trumpets.*)
But, ha! the warrior comes, the great Tom Thumb;
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

TOM THUMB *to them, with* ATTENDANTS, OFFICERS, GLUMDALCA *and other* PRISONERS.

King. Oh, welcome, most, most welcome to my arms!
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?
Queen. Oh, ye gods! (*Aside.*)
Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
Queen. Was ever such a Godlike creature seen? (*Aside.*)
King. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shows thy merit, too.
But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?
Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they stand,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.
Queen. And sure thou art like nothing but thyself.
(*Aside.*)
King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them—yes, I see them now before me:
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of clods.
But ha! what form majestic strikes our eyes—
So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council? So fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paused,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!
Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken. She is not
A woman, but a giantess, whom we,
With much ado, have made a shift to haul

Within the town; for she is by a foot
Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh, happy state of giantism, where husbands
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forced
To be content—nay, happy thought—with one.

Glum. But then, to lose them all in one black day;
That the same sun which, rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all! My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye;
But learn to bear them with what strength you may.
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.

Glum. Madam, I am
Your most obedient and most humble servant.

King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.
I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love,
Or only the windpipes. Time must show.
O Thumb, what do we to thy valour owe!
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer those;
I ask not money—money I've enough;

For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants slain, and giants yet unborn
Which I will slay, if this be call'd a debt,
Take my receipt in full. I ask but this,
To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request.

Queen. Be still, my soul.
(*Aside.*)

Thumb. My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,
And waits its answer there. Oh, do not frown!
I've try'd to Reason's tune to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string.
Though Jove in thunder had cry'd out, You shan't!
I should have loved her still. For oh, strange fate,
Then, when I loved her least, I loved her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the princess is your own.

Thumb. Oh, happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb!

Queen. Consider, sir; reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks! my wide-extended realm
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb!
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,
Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Different Hats—Different Principles

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who, being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *principles—i.e., hats*—frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, viz., those who wore hats fiercely cocked, and those who preferred the *nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory-rory-ranter Boys,* etc.; the latter went by the names of *Wags, Roundheads, Shake-bags, Old-nolls,* and several others. Between these, continual jars arose, insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle but forcible manner:

"Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glorious an undertaking as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of hats, or, at least, of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hat should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, another with bravery? No; they

meant no more by these outward signs than to impose on the vulgar, and, instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that, while they are listening to your jargon, you may with the greater ease and safety pick their pockets; but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *prigs,* what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *prig* less a *prig* in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses, it is your business to laugh at, not imitate, their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a hat further than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to remove his hat on every occasion, and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more, therefore, of this childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat as the best which will contain the largest booty."

He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed up their hats together, as he had commanded them.—"*Jonathan Wild.*"

Thomas Gray

Ode on a Drowned Cat

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
  The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
  Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
  The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
  She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
  The genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
  Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first, and then a claw;
  With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
  What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! With looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
  Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd.)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd;
  She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god
  Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
  A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
  And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
  Nor all that glisters, gold.

Lord Lyttleton

Dialogue Between Mercury and Mrs. Modish

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable, affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then a hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian Fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I

should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares, but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life, but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far, indeed, my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and, besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton.*

Mercury. Bon ton! What is that, madam? Pray, define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit; in manners, it is not politeness; in behaviour, it is not address; but it is a little like them all.

It can only belong to people of a certain rank who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets a higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton.*

—*"Dialogues of the Dead."*

Dialogue Between Mercury, an English Duellist, and a North American Savage

The Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North American savage whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grim. Pray, sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But before I was a man I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have anything to do with them afterward. Yet I took up the hatchet

for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied, for my brethren were victorious, and before I was shot I had gloriously scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear; it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But, by the primness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence. I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England, so I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance; and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be

mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife. I always hated marriage.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman—he has murdered his friend. I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the River. I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! It must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's Empire. You must go in the boat and be quiet.

Savage. Don't tell me of laws; I am a savage. I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman. There are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them, for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know, indeed, that the English are a barbarous nation, but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder—you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep and children in the cradle?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies. I never killed my own countrymen. I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat, but see that the murderer does not sit upon it or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell! I am determined to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength. Swim, now, if thou canst.

Savage. This is a potent enchanter. Restore me my strength and I promise to obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah, savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel! Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight! I will drive thee into Styx!

Mercury. Stop! I command thee. No violence! Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee. Well, sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you. Besides, I kept a good table. I ate as well as any man either in England or France.

Savage. *Ate!* Did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? There is fine eating! I have *eaten* twenty. My table was always well served. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine?

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I'll dance with thee for thy ears. I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod, or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way thou hast never yet learned But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. O heavens! must I bear this? What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred, but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sang very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your "Death Song" or the "War-Whoop." I challenge you to sing. Come, begin. The fellow is mute. Mercury, this is a liar; he has told us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me! And, alas, I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This, indeed, is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best, but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, and to them he must go.

Savage. If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me; I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this kick on your breech.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!—*"Dialogues of the Dead."*

Laurence Sterne

Uncle Toby's Courtship

"I AM half-distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; "a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. Do look into it; it is not in the white."

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and, squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! Thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which you know takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And—

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand,

and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! For, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent, delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, my uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect, that it is not so much the eye or the cannon in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; however, as 'tis made, and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, madam," said my uncle Toby. "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman.

My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or im-

perious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint: "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gaped knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise— Yet, as he looked upon Trim as an humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such, it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal," quoth my uncle Toby.

"In love!" said the corporal. "Your Honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honour the story of the King of Bohemia."

"Bohemia!" said my uncle Toby, musing a long time. "What became of that story, Trim?"

"We lost it, an't please your Honour, somehow, betwixt us; but your Honour was as free from love then as I am."

"'Twas just while thou went'st off with the wheelbar-

row, with Mrs. Wadman," quoth my uncle Toby. "She has left a ball here," added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

"She can no more, an' please your Honour, stand a siege than she can fly," cried the corporal.

"But as we are neighbours, Trim, the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first," quoth my uncle Toby.

"Now, if I might presume," said the corporal, "to differ from your Honour."

"Why else do I talk to thee, Trim?" said my uncle Toby mildly.

"Then I would begin, an' it please your Honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her in return, and telling her civilly afterward; for if she knows anything of your Honour's being in love beforehand, Lord help her!"

"She knows no more at present of it, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "than the child unborn."

Precious souls!

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment sitting in council with her touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head before he would allow her half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum.*

"We'll know the long and broad of it in ten days," answered Mrs. Bridget; "for whilst the captain is paying his addresses to you, I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me; and I'll let him, as much as he will," added Bridget, "to get it all out of him."

The measures were taken at once; and my uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

"Now," quoth the corporal, setting his left hand akimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right as just promised success, and no more, "if your Honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack."

"Thou wilt please me by it, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "exceedingly; and as I foresee thou must act in it as my aide-de-camp, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission."

"Then, an' please your Honour," said the corporal, making a bow first for his commission, "we will begin by getting your Honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves; and I'll put your white ramillie-wig fresh into pipes; and send for a tailor to have your Honour's thin scarlet breeches turned."

"I had better take the red plush ones," quoth my uncle Toby. . . .

"Your Honour's two razors shall be new set, and I will get my Montero cap furbished up, and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fèvre's regimental coat, which your Honour gave me to wear for his sake; and as soon as your Honour is clean shaved, and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold or your fine scarlet, sometimes one and sometimes t'other, and everything is ready for the attack, we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your Honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour to the right, I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen to the left; and having seized that pass, I'll answer for it," said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head, "that the day is your own."

"I wish I may but manage it right," said my uncle Toby; "but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench."

"A woman is quite a different thing," said the corporal.

"I suppose so," quoth my uncle Toby.—"*Tristram Shandy.*"

The Siege of the Cities in the Kitchen-Garden

My uncle Toby came down with plans along with him of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the Allies, have sat down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this:

As soon as ever a town was invested (but sooner when the design was known), to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches, the *talus* of the *glacis,* and the precise height of the several *banquettes,* parapets, etc., he set the corporal to work, and sweetly went it on. The nature of the soil, the nature of the work itself, and above all, the good-nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning till night and chatting kindly with the corporal upon past-done deeds, left *labour* little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner and put into a proper posture of defence, it was invested, and my uncle

Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel. I beg I may not be interrupted in my story by being told that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place, and that I have not left a single inch for it. For my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and, for that reason generally, ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers: the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages; but there is no guessing.

The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter, in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodise them, as I once intended, into the body of the work. Surely they had better be printed apart. We'll consider the affair; so take the following sketch of them in the meantime:

When the town with its works was finished, my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or anyhow, but from the same points and distances the Allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers, they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the Allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment, my uncle Toby made a lodgment too; and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined, the corporal took his mattock and did as much, and so on; gaining ground,

and making themselves masters of the works, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others there could not have been a greater sight in the world than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place, to have stood behind the hornbeam hedge and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth, the one with the *Gazette* in his hand, the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the contents. What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow! But when the *chamade* was beaten, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts. Heaven! Earth! Sea! But what avail apostrophes? With all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture—but still it was the torture of the happy—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some little conceit or quirk of improvement to the operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liège and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expense of four handsome drawbridges, of two of which I have given an exact description in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises—these last were converted afterward into orgues, as the better thing—and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the *glacis* there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Louis XIV., from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field. But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

But let us go on.

I must observe that, although in the first year's campaign the word *town* is often mentioned, yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges

and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns; when upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head that to talk of taking so many towns, *without one town to show for it,* was a very nonsensical way of going to work, and so proposed to my uncle Toby that they should have a little model of a town built for them, to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the polygon to serve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the style of those of which it was most likely to be the representative, with grated windows and the gable-ends of the houses facing the streets, etc., as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was not to have the houses run up together, as the corporal proposed, but have every house independent, to hook on or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand; and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the corporal as the carpenter did the work.

It answered prodigiously the next summer; the town was a perfect Proteus. It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hakenau; and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.

In the fourth year my uncle Toby, thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a

steeple. Trim was for having bells in it. My uncle Toby said the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way, the next part of the campaign, for half a dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three on each side of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; and in a short time these led the way for a train somewhat larger, and so on (as must always be the case in hobby-horsical affairs), from pieces of half-an-inch bore till it came at last to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Lisle was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands, my uncle Toby was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition. I say proper ammunition, because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not; for so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers, and so heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.—"*Tristram Shandy.*"

Madame De V——'s Religion

I HAD the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B——. In days of yore he had signalis'd himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour,* and had dress'd himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since. The Marquis de B—— wish'd to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. He "could like to take a trip to England," and would ask much of the English ladies. "Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le

Marquis," said I. "Les Messieurs Anglais can scarce get a kind look from them as it is." The Marquis invited me to supper.

Monsieur P——, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes. They were very considerable, he heard. "If we but knew how to collect them," said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P——'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q—— as an *esprit*. Madame de Q—— was an *esprit* herself: she burned with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sou whether I had any wit or no. I was let in, to be convinced she had. I call Heaven to witness I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V—— vow'd to every creature she met, she had "never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman: she is coquette, then deist, then *dévote;* the empire during these is never lost; she only changes her subjects. When thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she repeoples it with slaves of infidelity, and then with the slaves of the Church.

Madame de V—— was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas; the colour of the rose was fading fast away; she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely. In short, Madame de V—— told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V—— it might be her principle, but I

was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as hers could be defended; that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist; that it was a debt I owed my creed not to conceal it from her; that I had not been five minutes seated upon the sofa beside her, but I had begun to form designs; and what was it but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have check'd them as they rose up?

"We are not adamant," said I, taking hold of her hand, "and there is need of all restraints, till age is her own time steals in and lays them on us; but, my dear lady," said I, kissing her hand, "'tis too—too soon."

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V——. She affirmed to Monsieur D—— and the Abbé M—— that in one-half hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their encyclopedia had said against it. I was lifted directly into Madame de V——'s *coterie,* and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

—*"A Sentimental Journey."*

Smelfungus

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on. But he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted. He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon.

He was just coming out of it. "'Tis nothing but a huge cockpit," said he. "I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medici," replied I, for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common wench, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell; "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat—the Anthropophagi." He had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.

"I'll tell it," cried Smelfungus, "to the world."

"You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician.

—"*A Sentimental Journey.*"

The Case of Delicacy

When you have gain'd the top of Mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons; adieu, then, to all rapid movements. 'Tis a journey of caution, and it fares better with sentiments not to be in a hurry with them. So I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people, fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valleys be invaded by it. Nature, in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created. With all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give either to the scythe or to the

sickle. But to that little thou grantest safety and protection, and sweet are the dwellings which stand so shelter'd.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices; the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable; and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits and block his road up. The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Modane; and by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could anyhow be gain'd. There was nothing but to wait with patience. 'Twas a wet and tempestuous night; so that, by the delay and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to keep up five miles short of his stage at a little, decent kind of an inn by the roadside.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber, got a good fire, order'd supper, and was thanking Heaven it was no worse, when a *voiture* arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she usher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman; that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another. The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it. However, she said there were three beds, and but three people, and she durst say the gentleman would do anything to accommodate matters. I left the lady not a moment to make a conjecture about it, so instantly made a declaration that I would do anything in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my

bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor as to have a right to do the honours of it. So I desired the lady to sit down, pressed her into the warmest seat, call'd for more wood, desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warm'd herself five minutes at the fire before she began to turn her head back and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they return'd perplex'd. I felt for her, and for myself. For in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this. But the position of them—for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them—rendered the affair still more oppressive to us. They were fixed up, moreover, near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which cross'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations. If anything could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wish'd, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have pass'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no consolation to us. 'Twas a damp, cold closet, with a half-dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass nor oil paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I

did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative —that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid; or that the girl should take the closet, etc.

The lady was a Piedmontese, of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lyonnaise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way, and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now. I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnish'd, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty. But the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her *voiture,* sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and considered it in all kinds of lights in the course of a two hours' negotiation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace; and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides as in any treaty which has yet the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follows:

1st. As the right of the bed-chamber belongs to *monsieur,*

and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of *madame,* with a proviso, that as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deem'd a sufficient barrier on the side of *monsieur.*

2d. It is required on the part of *madame,* that *monsieur* shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre.*

Rejected, inasmuch as *monsieur* is not worth a *robe de chambre,* he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article, for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre;* and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3d. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after *monsieur* was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, *monsieur* should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted, provided *monsieur's* saying his prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed. There was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting, as I do, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination, against which this is not my first complaint.

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes. I tried this side and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out—"Oh, my God!" said I.

"You have broke the treaty, *monsieur,*" said the lady, who had no more slept than myself. I begg'd a thousand pardons, but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation. She maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty. I maintain'd it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weaken'd her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

"Upon my word and honour, *madame,*" said I, stretching my arm out of bed by way of asseveration——

(I was going to add, that I would not have trespass'd against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me.

So that when I stretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——. —"*A Sentimental Journey.*"

James Merrick

The Chameleon

Oft has it been my lot to mark
'A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop.
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen, and sure I ought to know."
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
'As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
'And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
'A lizard's body lean and long,
'A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd,

And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! And then its hue!
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;
"'Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray.
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast survey'd
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.

I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light.
I mark'd it well; 'twas black as jet.
You stare! But, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo! 'twas white.
Both stared; the man look'd wondrous wise.
"My children," the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

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David Garrick

The Dictated Letter

HARRIET *and* HEARTLY, *her Guardian.*

Har. I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology.

Heart. I am angry that you think an apology necessary. The matter we are upon is of such a delicate nature that I am more pleased with your confusion than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear?

Har. I have reflected that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard may, from the wisest motives, doubt my passion; and therefore I would endeavour to answer all his objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit; but I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible.

Har. (*aside*). He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him.

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear? (*Takes her hand.*) You tremble, Harriet. What is the matter with you?

Har. Nothing, sir. Pray go on.

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all this uneasiness. You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merits as you are; and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him

gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Har. And would you advise me, sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart on such an occasion.

Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments. But as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent strategem to spare my blushes, and, in part, to relieve me from the shame of a declaration. Might I be permitted to write to him?

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy; and, indeed, you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? Will you write it for me, sir?

Heart. Oh, most willingly; and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighs.*)

Heart. Here is pen, ink, and paper; and now, my dear, I am ready. He is certainly of a good family; and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write? (*Prepares to write.*)

Har. Pray, give me a moment's thought. 'Tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. I know it is. Don't hurry yourself; I shall wait with patience.

Har. (*dictating*). "It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your understanding the secrets of my heart——"

Heart. (*writing*). "The secrets of my heart."

Har. "Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it——"

Heart. Do you think that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Har. Pray, indulge me, sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon. (*Writing*) "Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it." So!

Har. "Everything tells me that it is you that I love——"

Heart. Very well.

Har. Yes—"you that I love." Do you understand me?

Heart. Oh, yes, yes; I understand you—"that it is you that I love." This is very plain, my dear.

Har. I would have it so. "And though I am already bound in gratitude to you——"

Heart. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Har. Pray, write, sir.

Heart. Well—"in gratitude to you." (*Aside*) I must write what she would have me.

Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one——"

Heart. "Most disinterested one."

Har. "And to convince you that you owe much more to my affections——"

Heart. And then?

Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced——"

Heart. Stay! stay!—"had not experienced."

Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy——"

Heart. What did you say? (*Aside*) Did I hear aright, or am I in a dream?

Har. (*aside*). Why have I declared myself? He'll hate me for my folly.

Heart. Harriet!

Har. Sir!

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention, then, the care of your infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Har. It would, indeed! I own it; it is improper.

Heart. Then I'll finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Heart. (*troubled*). Ought to send it! Who's there?

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Carry this letter—(*An action escapes from* HARRIET, *as if to hinder the sending of the letter*) Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Har. (*peevishly*). Who can it be for?

Heart. (*to Servant*). Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit.

—"*The Guardian.*"

Prologue to "Sheridan's School for Scandal"

A SCHOOL for Scandal! Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair ones, let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will, there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing

Strong tea and scandal: "Bless me, how refreshing!
Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! (*Sips.*)
Last night Lord L. (*sips*) *was caught with Lady D.*
For aching heads what charming sal volatile! (*Sips.*)
If Mrs. B will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll DRAW, *or we'll* UNDRAW *the curtain.*
Fine satire, sure—in public all abuse it,
But, by ourselves (*sips*), our praise we can't refuse it.
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star."
"Yes, ma'am: *A certain lord had best beware,*
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;
For, should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter." "Oh, that's me! The villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through;
He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

Tobias Smollett

Commodore Trunnion's Wedding-Day

On the day appointed for the spousals the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for the church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his for-

mer course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay, and therefore desired that he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that, as we lie within six points of wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander. "Ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all

the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion. Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed that he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this:

The commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound than, eager for the chase, they sprang away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who

was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "Oh, damn you! you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored!" Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pommel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably in consequence of his exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprang over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed

with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leathern buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pommel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie, periwig, and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an ele-

ment of which Trunnion was properly a native in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks as if he had been a creature of another species dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat brandy, which it really was, and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd. While some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant;* and at length

one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way. "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-southeast, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony. But howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port when these rascals of horses, which I had bought but two days before—for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate—luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands, among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! I am got into smooth water and safe riding. But if ever I venture my carcass upon such a harum-scarum beast again my name is not Hawser Trunnion!"

One of the company, struck with his name, which he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return. "As for that matter," replied Mr. Trunnion, "I am resolved to hire a sledge or waggon, or such a thing as a jackass; for I'll be damned if ever I cross the back of a horse again." "And what do you propose to do with these creatures?" said

the other, pointing to the hunters. "They seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped." "Damn them!" cried the commodore, "I wish both their necks were broken, though the two cost me forty good yellow-boys!" "Forty guineas!" exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack. "Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough. Mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers; then, he's fired in the further fetlock." In short, this connoisseur in horseflesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying he would convert them into beasts of burden. The owner, who, after what had happened, was very well disposed to listen to anything that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his purchase—in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig. With regard to his marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher. And the exercise he had undergone having quickened

his appetite, he sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of the ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.—"*Peregrine Pickle.*"

The Origin of Breeches

I INTENDED to insert a dissertation on trousers, or trunk breeches, called by the Latins *braccæ laxæ;* by the Spaniards, *bragas anchas;* by the Italians, *calzoni larghi;* by the French, *haut-de-chausses;* by the Saxons, *broecce;* by the Swedes, *brackoe;* by the Irish, *bricchan;* by the Celts, *brag;* and by the Japanese, *braak.* I could make curious investigations, and point out the precise time when the women of Hellas began to wear the breeches. I would have demonstrated that the *cingulum muliebre* was originally nothing but the wife's wearing, at certain seasons, the husband's trousers, as a mark of dominion transferred, *pro tempore,* to the female. I would have drawn a curious parallel between the girdle of the Greeks and the waist-cloth worn by the black ladies of Guinea. I would have proved that breeches were not first used for protection of the body against the weather, inasmuch as they were first worn by the Orientals in a warm climate, as you may read in "Persius." I would have shown that breeches were first brought from Asia to the northern parts of Europe by the Celts; that trousers were worn in Scotland long before the time of Pythagoras. Indeed, we are told by Jamblychus that Abaris, the famous Highland philosopher, contemporary, and personal acquaintance of the sage of Crotona, wore long trousers. I myself can attest the truth of that description, as I well remember the person and dress

of that learned mountaineer. I would have explained the reasons that compelled the posterity of those mountaineers to abandon the breeches of their forefathers, and expose their knees to the wind. I would have convinced the English antiquaries that the inhabitants of Yorkshire came originally from the Highlands of Scotland, before the Scots had laid aside their breeches, and wore this part of dress, long after their ancestors, as well as the southern Britons, were unbreeched by the Romans. From this distinction they acquired the name of *Brigantes, quasi Bragantes;* and hence came the verb to *brag,* or boast contemptuously; for the neighbours of the *Brigantes,* being at variance with that people, used, by way of contumelious defiance, to clap their hands to the seat of their trousers and cry *Brag-Brag.* I would have drawn a learned comparison between the shield of Ajax and the sevenfold breeches of a Dutch skipper. Finally, I would have promulgated the original use of trunk-breeches, which would have led me into a discussion of the rites of a divinity differently worshipped by the southern and northern inhabitants of this kingdom. These disquisitions would have unveiled the mysteries that now conceal the origin, migration, superstitions, languages, laws, and connections of different nations. But I shall only observe that Linschot and others are mistaken in deriving the Japanese from their neighbours the Chinese; and that Dr. Kempfer is right in his conjecture, supposing them to have come from Media immediately after the confusion of Babel. It is no wonder, therefore, that, being *Braccatorum filii,* they should retain the wide breeches of their progenitors.

—"*The History of an Atom.*"

Unregretted School Days

I WAS sent to school at a village hard by, of which my grandfather had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who through fear of my grandfather taught me gratis, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction.

In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his Honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had written impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with a whip-cord to my wrist in such a manner as effectually de-

barred me from the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days, by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one stroke of my machine I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and schoolfellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass, that were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced, no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it.

The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief, whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol, loaded with small shot, into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness that I was abed, fast asleep, at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for

being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same.—"*Roderick Random.*"

Captain Weazel and the Highwayman

I FOUND that Joey the driver and I had the same sentiments with regard to Captain Weazel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial by alarming the passengers with the cry of "A highwayman!" as soon as an horseman should appear.

This scheme we put in practice toward the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the waggon that he was afraid we should all be robbed than a general consternation arose. Strap jumped out of the waggon and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer Isaac put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs. Weazel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries; and the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore. But this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out, "'Sdeath! captain, is this time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? Get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour!" Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. "Damn my blood! what are you afraid of?" continued he, at the same time trembling with such agitation that the whole carriage shook. This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much that she cried, "Damn

your pitiful soul! you are as arrant a poltroon as ever was drummed out of a regiment! Stop the waggon, Joey. Let me get out, and, by God, if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also!" So saying, she leaped out with great agility.

By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the waggon and questioning those within. The stranger, consenting for the sake of diversion, approached it, and in a terrible tone demanded, "Who have we got here?" Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice, "Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithal but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of we must all starve together." "Who's that sobbing in the other corner?" said the supposed highwayman. "A poor unfortunate woman," answered Mrs. Weazel, "upon whom I beg you for Christ's sake to have compassion." "Are you maid or wife?" said he. "Wife, to my sorrow," cried she. "Who or where is your husband?" continued he. "My husband," replied Mrs. Weazel, "is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined." "You must be mistaken, madam," said he, "for I myself saw him get into the waggon this afternoon. But pray, what odour is that? Smells like a dog." Here he laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor, trembling captain, being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of sleep cried, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" "The matter is not much," answered the horseman. "I only called in to inquire after

your health; and so, adieu, most noble captain." So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself, but at length reassuming the big look, he said, "Damn the fellow! why did he ride away before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady were? Don't you remember Tom, my dear?" addressing himself to his wife. "Yes," replied she, "I think I do remember something of the fellow; but you know I seldom converse with people of his station. "Hey-day," cried Joey, "do yaw knaw the young mon, coptain?" "Know him?" said Weazel. "Many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my lord Trippet's table." "And what may his neame be, coptain?" said Joey. "His name? His name," replied Weazel, "is Tom Rinser." "Waunds!" cried Joey, "a has changed his own neame, then! I'se lay a wager he was christened John Trotter." This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted, when Isaac broke silence, and said, "It was no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected. And we ought to bless God for our narrow escape." "Bless God?" said Weazel. "Bless the devil! For had he been a highwayman, I should have eaten his blood, body, and guts before he had robbed me or any one in this *diligence*."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Miss Jenny, "I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain."

The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice that Captain Weazel seemed to be a good Christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation, instead of carnal weapons, and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling.—"*Roderick Random*."

Tabitha on Domestic Economy

TABITHA BRAMBLE TO MRS. GWYLLIM, HOUSEKEEPER:

I AM astonished that Dr. Lewis should take upon him to give away Alderney, without my privity and concurrants. What signifies my brother's order? My brother is little more than noncompush. He would give away the shirt off his back, and the teeth out of his head. Nay, as for that matter, he would have ruinated the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters. What between his wilfulness and his waste, his trumps and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented slave. Alderney gave four gallons a day ever since the calf was sent to market. There is so much milk out of my dairy, and the press must stand still; but I won't lose a cheese-paring; and the milk shall be made good if the sarvents should go without butter. If they must needs have butter, let them make it of sheep's milk; but then my wool will suffer for want of grace; so that I must be a loser on all sides. Well, patience is like a stout Welsh poney: it bears a great deal, and trots a great way, but it will tire at the long run. Before it's long, perhaps I may show Matt that I was not born to be the household drudge to my dying day. Gwyn writes from Crickhowell, that the price of flannel has fallen three farthings an ell; and that's another good penny out of my pocket. When I go to market to sell, my commodity stinks; but when I want to buy the commonest thing, the owner pricks it up under my nose, and it can't be had for love nor money. I think everything runs cross at Brambleton Hall. You say the gander has broke the eggs; which is a phinumenon I don't under-

stand; for when the fox carried off the old goose last year, he took her place, and hatched the eggs, and partected the goslings like a tender parent. Then you tell me the thunder has soured two barrels of beer in the seller. But how the thunder should get there, when the seller was double-locked, I can't comprehend. Howsomever, I won't have the beer thrown out till I see it with my own eyes. Perhaps it will recover; at least it will serve for vinegar to the sarvents. You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unsartin when we return. I hope, Gwyllim, you'll take care there is no waste; and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their spinning. I think they may go very well without beer in hot weather; it serves only to inflame the blood, and set them agog after the men. Water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tamperit. Don't forget to put up in the port-mantel, that cums with Williams, along with my riding-habit, hat, and feather, the viol of purl-water, and the tincktur for my stomach, being as how I am much troubled with flutterencies.—"*Humphrey Clinker.*"

Bramble and Barton at Court

MEDFORD TO PHILLIPS:

Two days ago Barton persuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St. James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the persons of all the great men in the kingdom. And, indeed, there was a great assemblage of distinguished characters, for it was a high festival at court. Our conductor performed his promise with great punctuality. He pointed out almost every individual of both sexes, and

generally introduced them to our notice with a flourish of panegyric. Seeing the king approach, "There comes," said he, "the most amiable sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England: the *deliciæ humani generis,* Augustus in patronising merit, Titus Vespasian in generosity, Trajan in beneficence, and Marcus Aurelius in philosophy."

"A very honest, kind-hearted gentleman," added my uncle; "he is too good for the times. A king of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition."

Barton, then turning toward the Duke of C——, proceeded:

"You know the duke: that illustrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and secured us in possession of everything we ought to hold dear, as Englishmen and Christians. Mark what an eye—how penetrating, yet specific! What dignity in his mien! What humanity in his aspect! Even malice must own that he is one of the greatest officers in Christendom."

"I think he be," said Mr. Bramble. "But who are those young gentlemen that stand beside him?"

"Those," cried our friend, "those are his royal nephews, the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! The sacred pledges of the Protestant line; so spirited, so sensible, so princely."

"Yes, very sensible! Very spirited!" said my uncle, interrupting him. "But see—the queen! Ha, there's the queen! Let me see—let me see—where are my glasses? Ha! there's meaning in that eye! There's sentiment! There's expression! Well, Mr. Barton, what figure do you call next?"

The next person he pointed out was the favourite "yearl,"

who stood solitary by one of the windows. "Behold yon northern star," said he, "shorn of his beams!"

"What! the Caledonian luminary that lately blazed so bright in our hemisphere? Methinks at present it glimmers through a fog; like Saturn without his ring, bleak, and dim, and distant. Ha! there's the other great phenomenon, the Grand Pensionary, that weathercock of patriotism, that veers about in every point of the political compass, and still feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He, too, like a portentous comet, has risen again above the court horizon; but how long he will continue to ascend it is not easy to foretell, considering his great eccentricity. Who are those two satellites that attend his motions?"

When Barton told him their names——

"To their characters," said Mr. Bramble, "I am no stranger. One of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold, intoxicating vapour in his head, and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect a whole nation. The other is, I hear, intended for a share in the administration, and the pensionary vouches for his being duly qualified. The only instance I ever heard of his sagacity was his deserting his former patron when he found him declining in power and in disgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thievish as a jackdaw; but, it must be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to disguise his character. His ministry will be attended with one advantage: no man will be disappointed by his breach of promise, as no mortal ever trusted to his word. I wonder how Lord —— first discovered this happy genius, and for what purpose Lord —— has now adopted him. But one would think that, as amber has power to attract dirt, and

straws, and chaff, a minister is endued with the same kind of faculty, to lick up every knave and blockhead in his way."

His eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old Duke of N——, who, squeezing into the circle with a busy face of importance, thrust his head into every countenance, as if he had been in search of somebody to whom he wanted to impart something of great consequence. My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he passed; and the duke, seeing himself saluted so respectfully by a well-dressed person, was not slow in returning the courtesy. He even came up, and, taking him cordially by the hand, "My dear friend, Mr. A——," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you. How long have you been come from abroad? How did you leave our good friends, the Dutch? The King of Prussia don't think of another war, eh? He's a great king, a great conqueror—a very great conqueror! Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, sir! Corporals, drummers, dross, mere trash—damned trash, eh?"

His Grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to sit in the last parliament but one of the late king, as representative for the borough of Dymkymraig.

"Odso!" cried the duke, "I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr. Bramble! You was always a good and loyal subject—a stanch friend to administration. I made your brother an Irish bishop."

"Pardon me, my lord," said the squire; "I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army."

"Ha!" said his Grace, "he was so—he was, indeed! But who was the bishop, then? Bishop Blackberry—sure, it was Bishop Blackberry. Perhaps some relation of yours?"

"Very likely, my lord," replied my uncle; "the Blackberry is the fruit of the Bramble. But I believe the bishop is not a berry of our bush."

"No more he is, no more he is—ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the duke. "There you gave me a scratch, good Mr. Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I shall be glad to see you at Lincoln's Inn Fields. You know the way. Times are altered. Though I have lost the power, I retain the inclination. Your very humble servant, good Mr. Blackberry!"

So saying, he shoved to another corner of the room.

"What a fine old gentleman!" cried Mr. Barton. "What spirits! What a memory! He never forgets an old friend."

—*"Humphrey Clinker."*

Samuel Foote

Anecdotes

Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and look over my garden-wall; my cucumbers are very backward."

Foote expressed his conviction that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eyes if he could manage to sell the timber.

A great gambler once said to Foote, "Since I last saw you I have lost an eye." "I am very sorry for it," said Foote; "pray, at what game?"

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork. "No, sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

An author, after reading a play to Foote, was told that it would not do, by any means. "I wish, sir," said the writer, "you could advise me what is best to do with it." "That I can," said the manager. "Blot out one-half, and burn the other."

Lord Tracey complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character, "So much the better," replied the wit; "it was a bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed the more to your advantage."

Foote was once met by a friend in town with a young man who was flashing away very brilliantly, while Foote seemed

grave. "Why, Foote," said his friend, "you are flat to-day; you don't seem to relish wit!" "Why," said Foote, "you have not tried me yet, sir."

A mercantile man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it, but he dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, oh, Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!" "Pray, pray, be attentive, Mr. Foote!" "I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten. Go on!"

Foote was one day invited to dinner at Merchant Tailors' Hall; and so well pleased was he with the entertainment that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length, rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both a very good night." "Both!" exclaimed one of the company; "why, you must be crazy, Foote; here are twenty of us!" "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right. I wish you both a very good night."

One evening at a fashionable dinner, when Foote was telling a story, one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do," and finished his story.

Foote being at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its age, he sent round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul!" says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?"

says his lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen anything so little of its age in my life before."

After dining with the Duke of Leinster, at Dublin, Foote gave the following account of his entertainment: "As to the splendour, so far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate; and if a man could have swallowed a silversmith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him. But as to all the rest, his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough. To sum up: everything was cold, except his ice; everything sour, except his vinegar."

Foote, when travelling in the far west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor!" cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must!" bawled the host. "I won't." "You must!" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except the mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord "the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor."

Samuel Johnson

The Retired Merchant

Mr. Adventurer:

I have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time browbeaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain. I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed; my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company, and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for Sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches. When I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear; new acquisitions were hourly

brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot where I was finally to be happy, that perhaps the world might have been travelled over without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire. My friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations. An estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects; I threw down the walls of the garden

and enclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a greenhouse with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, showed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another! The time was now coming in which affluence and splendour could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my waterworks and what remained now to be done? What, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raised I had no further use; to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture; to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound; and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity is every day begun and ended. The happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured. I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself. I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to

rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy. I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle. But, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors. Seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses; but a little experience showed me that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the

truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve, in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will perhaps he surprised when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can therefore have no interest. I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory; whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time

kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen; but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle. The privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

I am, yours, etc.,

MERCATOR.

—*"The Adventurer."*

Ambitions of Authorship

IN former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men. The ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, how-

ever illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was therefore rather to be gazed at with wonder than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seemed resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed I have not yet been able to discover. It is said that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustine age; that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected that at a time when every man writes, any man will patronize; and accordingly there is not one that I can recollect at present who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper must remain a secret. Nor can I discover whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or to the intemperature of seasons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual malady; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect his steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors; who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of ancient Egypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people besides themselves. The establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus, amongst us, writers will perhaps be multiplied till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.—"*The Adventurer.*"

Wit and Learning

Wit and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers. Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition, and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronise and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came when they were both, with the usual

solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and, by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or, by showing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning, cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused, where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and

prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being entangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress toward perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered by the experiment, and betrayed themselves to confutation or contempt. The seriousness of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew at last important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace

without a train of the severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had a son named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poisoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no skill ever be extracted. These arrows he frequently shot at Learning, when she was most earnestly and usefully employed, engaged in abstruse inquiries, or giving instructions to her followers. Minerva therefore deputed Criticism to her aid, who generally broke the point of Satyr's arrows, turned them aside, or retorted them on himself.

Jupiter was at last angry that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither, therefore, they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects, theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were, indeed, a class of mortals by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded: these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches. Among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them;

but the forces that were sent on these expeditions frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for readmission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings and soared aloft, but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions, but for want of natural vigour could only take short flights. So, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned, from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight. Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other that they lived afterward in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.—"*The Rambler.*"

Gulosulus

No man has been so happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houses as Gulosulus, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now established, by uncontroverted prescription his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whose presence they who aspire to the praise of a sumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by sending the invitation a fortnight before.

Gulosulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit, but was careful to frequent houses where persons of rank resorted. By being often seen, he became in time known; and, from sitting in the same room, was suffered to mix in idle conversation, or assisted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amusement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-house he was sometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuses the acquaintance of him whom he sees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with less difficulty found the way to more, till at last he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feast, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himself no inclination to retire from a life of so much pleasure, and therefore very seriously considered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accomplishments, he did not find necessary; for he had already seen that merit rather enforces respect than attracts fondness; and as he thought no folly greater than that of losing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himself that

he had none of that disgusting excellence which impresses awe upon greatness, and condemns its possessors to the society of those who are wise or brave, and indigent as themselves.

Gulosulus, having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philosophy or politics, and was not in danger of injuring his interest by dogmatical positions or violent contradiction. If a dispute arose, he took care to listen with earnest attention, and when either speaker grew vehement and loud, turned toward him with eager quickness, and uttered a short phrase of admiration, as if surprised by such cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this silent concession he generally preserved in either controvertist such a conviction of his own superiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adversary, and prevented those outrages which are sometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Gulosulus was never embarrassed but when he was required to declare his sentiments before he had been able to discover to which side the master of the house inclined; for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of those that invited him.

It will sometimes happen that the insolence of wealth breaks into contemptuousness, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Gulosulus seldom fails of being singled out on such emergencies as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be safely tried. Sometimes his lordship finds himself inclined to exhibit a specimen of raillery for the diversion of his guests, and Gulosulus always supplies him with a subject of merriment. But he has learned to consider rudeness and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom. He comforts himself that those who treat and in-

sult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jest.

His chief policy consists in selecting some dish from every course, and recommending it to the company with an air so decisive that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence and the most authentic receipt, and, by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of secrecy, gains a right of tasting his own dish whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life Gulosulus has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting, that he has no other topic of talk or subject of meditation. His calendar is a bill of fare; he measures the year by successive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you ask him at what time an event happened, he considers whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or venison. He knows, indeed, that those who value themselves upon sense, learning, or piety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches, envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.—"*The Rambler.*"

Fictions and Facts of Country Life

Dick Shifter was born in Cheapside, and, having passed reputably through all the classes of St. Paul's school, has been for some years a student in the Temple. He is of opinion that intense application dulls the faculties, and thinks it necessary to temper the severity of the law by books that engage the mind but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to which he has recourse when he fancies himself tired with statutes and reports; and he seldom inquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very strong impressions of a country life; and though his farthest excursions have been to Greenwich on one side and Chelsea on the other, he has talked for several years, with great pomp of language and elevation of sentiments, about a state too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet and blameless simplicity, pastoral delights and rural innocence.

His friends who had estates in the country often invited him to pass the summer among them, but something or other had always hindered him, and he considered that to reside in the house of another man was to incur a kind of dependence inconsistent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This summer he resolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a solitary house, situated about thirty miles from London, on the banks of a small river, with corn-fields before it, and a hill on each side covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement, that

none might violate his obscurity; and promised himself many a happy day when he should hide himself among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He stepped into the post-chaise with his heart beating and his eyes sparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful prospects, saw hills and meadows, corn-fields and pasture, succeed each other, and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within six miles of happiness; when, having never felt so much agitation before, he began to wish his journey at an end, and the last hour was passed in changing his posture and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long. He at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected. He looked round upon the hills and rivulets, but his joints were stiff and his muscles sore, and his first request was to see his bed-chamber.

He rested well, and ascribed the soundness of his sleep to the stillness of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture, and, as soon as he had risen, wrote an account of his new state to one of his friends in the Temple.

"Dear Frank:

"I never pitied thee before. I am now, as I could wish every man of wisdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; with all the beauties of nature soliciting my notice, and all the diversities of pleasure courting my acceptance; the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead; the breeze is whistling in the wood, and the sun dancing on the water. I can now say, with truth, that a man, capable of enjoying the purity of

happiness, is never more busy than in his hours of leisure, nor ever less solitary than in a place of solitude.

"I am, dear Frank, etc."

When he had sent away his letter he walked into the wood, with some inconvenience from the furze that pricked his legs and the briers that scratched his face. He at last sat down under a tree, and heard with great delight a shower, by which he was now wet, rattling among the branches. This, said he, is the true image of obscurity; we hear of troubles and commotions, but never feel them.

His amusement did not overpower the calls of nature, and he therefore went back to order his dinner. He knew that the country produces whatever is eaten or drunk, and, imagining that he was now at the source of luxury, resolved to indulge himself with dainties which he supposed might be procured at a price next to nothing, if any price at all was expected; and intended to amaze the rustics with his generosity, by paying more than they would ask. Of twenty dishes which he named, he was amazed to find that scarcely one was to be had; and heard, with astonishment and indignation, that all the fruits of the earth were sold at a higher price than in the streets of London.

His meal was short and sullen, and he retired again to his tree, to inquire how dearness could be consistent with abundance, or how fraud could be practised by simplicity. He was not satisfied with his own speculations, and, returning home early in the evening, went a while from window to window, and found that he wanted something to do.

He inquired for a newspaper, and was told that farmers never minded news, but that they could send for it from the ale-house. A messenger was despatched, who ran away at

full speed, but loitered an hour behind the hedges, and at last coming back with his feet purposely bemired, instead of expressing the gratitude which Mr. Shifter expected for the bounty of a shilling, said that the night was wet and the way dirty, and he hoped that his Worship would not think it much to give him half a crown.

Dick now went to bed with some abatement of his expectations; but sleep, I know not how, revives our hopes and rekindles our desires. He rose early in the morning, surveyed the landscape, and was pleased. He walked out, and passed from field to field, without observing any beaten path, and wondered that he had not seen the shepherdesses dancing, nor heard the swains piping to their flocks.

At last he saw some reapers and harvest-women at dinner. Here, said he, are the true Arcadians, and advanced courteously toward them, as afraid of confusing them by the dignity of his presence. They acknowledged his superiority by no other token than that of asking him for something to drink. He imagined that he had now purchased the privilege of discourse, and began to descend to familiar questions, endeavouring to accommodate his discourse to the grossness of rustic understandings. The clowns soon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to despise him; one of the boys, by pretending to show him a bird's nest, decoyed him into a ditch; and one of the wenches sold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great pleasure; but he hoped to find other rustics less coarse of manners and less mischievous of disposition. Next morning he was accosted by an attorney, who told him that, unless he made Farmer Dobson satisfaction for trampling his grass, he had orders to indict him. Shifter was offended, but not terrified; and telling the

attorney that he was himself a lawyer, talked so volubly of pettifoggers and barraters, that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride, and being pleased with the appearance of a horse that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, inquired the owner; who warranted him sound, and would not sell him but that he was too fine for a plain man. Dick paid down the price, and, riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horse into a ditch. They got out with difficulty, and as he was going to mount again, a countryman looked at the horse and perceived him to be blind. Dick went to the seller and demanded back his money; but he was told that a man who rented his ground must do the best for himself; that his landlord had his rent though the year was barren; and that, whether horses had eyes or no, he should sell them to the highest bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with rustic simplicity, and on the fifth day took possession again of his chambers, and bade farewell to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.—"*The Idler.*"

On Lying News-Writers

No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interest of Europe.

To write news in its perfection requires such a combination

of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, "An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit." To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows that he shall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from Amsterdam or Dresden to himself.

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news-writers is easy; they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterward that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarcely anything awakens attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the intermission of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and ravished virgins; and, if the scene of action be somewhat distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from the streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.—"*The Idler.*"

The Style Terrific

THERE are men who seem to think nothing so much the characteristic of a genius as to do common things in an uncommon manner; like Hudibras, to *tell the clock by algebra;* or, like the lady in Dr. Young's satires, *to drink tea by stratagem;* to quit the beaten track only because it is known, and take a new path, however crooked or rough, because the straight was found out before.

Every man speaks and writes with intent to be understood; and it can seldom happen but he that understands himself might convey his notions to another, if, content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired. But when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and, as he grows more elegant, becomes less intelligible.

It is difficult to enumerate every species of authors whose labours counteract themselves: the man of exuberance and copiousness, who diffuses every thought through so many diversities of expression, that it is lost like water in a mist; the ponderous dictator of sentences, whose notions are delivered in the lump, and are, like uncoined bullion, of more weight than use; the liberal illustrator, who shows by examples and comparisons what was clearly seen when it was first proposed; and the stately son of demonstration, who proves with mathematical formality what no man has yet pretended to doubt.

There is a mode of style for which I know not that the

masters of oratory have yet found a name; a style by which the most evident truths are so obscured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the most familiar propositions so disguised that they cannot be known. Every other kind of eloquence is the dress of sense; but this is the mask by which a true master of his art will so effectually conceal it, that a man will as easily mistake his own positions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may pass in a masquerade his nearest acquaintance.

This style may be called the *terrific,* for its chief intention is to terrify and amaze; it may be termed the *repulsive,* for its natural effect is to drive away the reader; or it may be distinguished, in plain English, by the denomination of the *bugbear style,* for it has more terror than danger, and will appear less formidable as it is more nearly approached.

A mother tells her infant that two and two make four; the child remembers the proposition, and is able to count four to all the purpose of life, till the course of his education brings him among philosophers, who fright him from his former knowledge, by telling him that four is a certain aggregate of units; that all numbers being only the repetition of an unit, which, though not a number itself, is the parent, root, or original of all number, *four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions. The only danger is, lest, when he first hears these dreadful sounds, the pupil should run away. If he has but the courage to stay till the conclusion, he will find that, when speculation has done its worst, two and two still make four.

An illustrious example of this species of eloquence may be found in "Letters Concerning Mind." The author begins by declaring that "the sorts of things are things that now are, have been, and shall be, and the things that strictly ARE." In

this position, except the last clause, in which he uses something of the scholastic language, there is nothing but what every man has heard, and imagines himself to know. But who would not believe that some wonderful novelty is presented to his intellect, when he is afterward told in the true *bugbear* style, that "the *ares,* in the former sense, are things that lie between the *have-beens* and *shall-bes.* The *have-beens* are things that are past; the *shall-bes* are things that are to come; and the things that ARE, in the latter sense, are things that have not been, nor shall be, nor stand in the midst of such as are before them, or shall be after them. The things that have been, and shall be, have respect to present, past, and future. Those likewise that now ARE have, moreover, place; that, for instance, which is here, that which is to the east, that which is to the west."

All this, my dear reader, is very strange; but though it be strange, it is not new. Survey these wonderful sentences again, and they will be found to contain nothing more than very plain truths, which, till this author arose, had always been delivered in plain language.—"*The Idler.*"

Anecdotes

DAVIES, the bookseller, on seeing Johnson coming in, said he would introduce Boswell, who was drinking tea with Davies and his wife.

"Don't tell him where I come from," said Boswell.

"Mr. Boswell, from Scotland," said Davies roguishly.

"Mr. Johnson," said Boswell, in apologetic tone, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it."

"That, sir," said Johnson, who took the Scotticism as meaning that he had left his native country, not that he merely belonged to it by birth—"that, sir, I find, is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help!"

Boswell entertained Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, and had among his guests Mr. Ogilvie, a fellow-Scotchman, who had written a poem. He asked Johnson's permission to introduce him. "Certainly," said the doctor, with sly pleasantry, adding, "but he must give us none of his poetry." Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for his topic of conversation the praises of his native land. He thought he was safe in saying that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects. "I believe, sir," said Johnson, "you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman can see is the high road that leads him to England."

Boswell said that "drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "if he sat next to you."

A gentleman told Johnson that a friend, looking into his dictionary, could not find the word *ocean*. "Not find *ocean?*" said the lexicographer, stalking into the library to see if he had possibly made the omission; and then rapidly turning the leaves, pointed triumphantly to the word: "There, sir; there is *ocean!* But never mind it, sir; perhaps your friend spells *ocean* with an *s*."

"While Johnson was arguing," says Parr, "I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said,

'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of *a stamp* in the argument.'"

"There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests—the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it was his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

Although Johnson had a great regard for Garrick personally, he often spoke with contempt of his profession. Boswell said, "Surely, sir, we respect a great player as a man who can conceive lofty sentiments and can express them gracefully." Johnson: "What, sir; a fellow who claps a hump upon his back and a lump on his leg, and cries, 'I am Richard the Third'? Nay, sir, a ballad singer is a higher man, for he does two things: he repeats and he sings. There is both recitation and music in his performance; the player only recites." Boswell argued that Garrick must have high

excellence, as he had made £100,000. Johnson: "Is getting £100,000 a proof of excellence? That has been done by a scoundrel commissary."

In conversation with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take little notice: "Why, doctor," she said, "I believe you prefer the company of men to that of the ladies." "Madam," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence*."

Johnson had been arguing with an opponent who happened to say, "I don't understand you, sir." On which the doctor observed, "Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

Of a naturalist who had discoursed largely on the natural history of the mouse, he said, "I wonder what the fellow would have said if he had ever had the luck to see a lion!"

Charles Churchill

Lothario (Lord Sandwich)

When Folly (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who in the presence upright stand,
Are held as rebels through the loyal land),
Queen everywhere, but most a queen at courts,
Sent forth her heralds and proclaimed her sports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engaged, and won from all the prize.
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deserves it more and more.
  Nor in such limits rests his soul confined;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for Vice alone.
  Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betrayed?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend, who, man but little known
Deems every heart as honest as his own,

And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnared, and ruined with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be crushed, and every son
Who dares maintain her cause to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan and work her ruin underhand,
With regular approaches, sure, though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is faith to take an atheist for her guide?
Is science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain planned before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent like Lothario to his mind.
Were there but two—search all the world around—
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord. But nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.

—"*The Candidate.*"

Oliver Goldsmith

Moses Acquires a Gross of Green Spectacles

ALL this conversation was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair: trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call

thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of goslin green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him "Good luck! Good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Aye," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour—for she intended it for wit—my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid com-

municating our happiness to him, and asking his advice. Although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those who will." As I was apprehensive that this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides a-laughing. But, as I livé, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself!" cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-

pence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are—a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." "What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He

now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstance of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

—*"The Vicar of Wakefield."*

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes;

The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

Tony's Directions to the Travellers

LANDLORD; YOUNG MARLOW; HASTINGS; TONY LUMPKIN, HARDCASTLE'S *stepson.*

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above three-score.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor in the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he! h'm. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentleman the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking at the* LANDLORD)—Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh. You understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash Lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash Lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one.

Mar. Oh, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look

sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds! man, we could as soon find out the longitude.

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it: Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile farther, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country——

Hast. Oh, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*aside to* Tony). Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the roadside; you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he-he-he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no—straight forward. I'll just step, myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the* LANDLORD.) Mum!—"*She Stoops to Conquer.*"

The Double Transformation

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life.
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive.
He drank his glass, and cracked his joke,
And freshmen wondered as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloyed with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?

Oh, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
Oh, had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
Oh!—but let exclamation cease,
Her presence banished all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried;
Miss frowned, and blushed, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallowed ground,
Or draw the curtains close around?
Let it suffice that each had charms:
He clasped a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mixed with bliss.
But when a twelvemonth passed away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that decked her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remained behind,
That very face had robbed her mind.

Skilled in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dressed with modern grace
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapped her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powdered coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack sucked his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were passed between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip or points her nose.
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;

And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravelled noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife,
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower:
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levelled its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams.
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemned to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;

With modesty her cheeks are dyed;
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

On Fashions

Behold me in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me. It seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I been never from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs powdered with red earth, and the Calmuck beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheepskin, appeared highly ridiculous; but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them, but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure, therefore, in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which

is all I yet know of their character. It is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eyebrow-pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours and clap it like a bush on his own. The distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then with a composition of meal and hog's lard

plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast—a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance—appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin; thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet, when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly. I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China. The Europeans have quite a different idea of beauty from us. When I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfew. How very broad their faces! How very short their noses! How very little their eyes! How very thin their lips! How very black their teeth! The snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful. Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only

seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet as actually serve *some* for walking!

Yet, uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished the map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country. "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces: one face to sleep in, and another to show in company. The first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other put on to please strangers abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toad-eater sit in council and settle the complexion of the day."

I can't ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without; and I have seen a lady, who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked in the streets.—"*Letters from a Citizen of the World.*"

On Physicians

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine. The advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure, there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take pride in being bloated with a dropsy; does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever; or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the

grave by taking it; yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses. They would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed here every day; a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb, and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at three-score. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy or a residence in jail have called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance

alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East, where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretends to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches a horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, *that as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable.*—"*Letters from a Citizen of the World.*"

The True Oriental

I AM disgusted, oh, Fum Hoam, even to sickness disgusted! Is it possible to bear the presumption of those islanders, when they pretend to instruct me in the ceremonies of China! They lay it down as a maxim, that every person who comes from thence must express himself in metaphor; swear by Allah, rail against wine, and behave, and talk, and write, like a Turk or Persian. They make no distinction between our elegant manners and the voluptuous barbarities of our Eastern neighbours. Wherever I come I raise either diffidence or astonishment. Some fancy me no Chinese because I am formed more like a man than a monster; and others wonder to find one born five thousand miles from England endued with common-sense. Strange, they say, that a man who has received

his education at such a distance from London, should have common-sense—to be born out of England, and yet have common-sense! Impossible! He must be some Englishman in disguise; his very visage has nothing of the true exotic barbarity.

I yesterday received an invitation from a lady of distinction, who, it seems, had collected all her knowledge of Eastern manners from fictions every day propagated here under the titles of Eastern tales and Oriental histories. She received me very politely, but seemed to wonder that I neglected bringing opium and a tobacco-box. When chairs were drawn for the rest of the company, I was assigned my place on a cushion on the floor. It was in vain that I protested the Chinese used chairs as in Europe; she understood decorums too well to entertain me with the ordinary civilities.

I had scarcely been seated according to her directions, when the footman was ordered to pin a napkin under my chin. This I protested against, as being no way Chinese. However, the whole company, who, it seems, were a club of connoisseurs, gave it unanimously against me, and the napkin was pinned accordingly.

It was impossible to be angry with people who seemed to err only from an excess of politeness, and I sat contented, expecting their importunities were now at an end; but as soon as ever dinner was served, the lady demanded whether I was for a plate of bears' claws or a slice of birds' nests? As these were dishes with which I was utterly unacquainted, I was desirous of eating only what I knew, and therefore begged to be helped from a piece of beef that lay on the side-table. My request at once disconcerted the whole company. A Chinese eat beef! That could never be! There was no local propriety in Chinese beef, whatever there might be in Chinese

pheasant. "Sir," said my entertainer, "I think I have some reasons to fancy myself a judge of these matters. In short, the Chinese never eat beef; so that I must be permitted to recommend the Pilaw. There was never better dressed at Pekin; the saffron and rice are well boiled, and the spices in perfection."

I had no sooner begun to eat what was laid before me than I found the whole company as much astonished as before. It seems I made no use of my chop-sticks. A grave gentleman, whom I take to be an author, harangued very learnedly (as the company seemed to think) upon the use which was made of them in China. He entered into a long argument with himself about their first introduction, without once appealing to me, who might be supposed best capable of silencing the inquiry. As the gentleman therefore took my silence for a mark of his own superior sagacity, he was resolved to pursue the triumph. He talked of our cities, mountains, and animals, as familiarly as if he had been born in Quamsi, but as erroneously as if a native of the moon. He attempted to prove that I had nothing of the true Chinese cut in my visage; showed that my cheek-bones should have been higher and my forehead broader. In short, he almost reasoned me out of my country, and effectually persuaded the rest of the company to be of his opinion.

I was going to expose his mistakes, when it was insisted that I had nothing of the true Eastern manner in my delivery. "This gentleman's conversation" (says one of the ladies, who was a great reader) "is like our own, mere chit-chat and common-sense. There is nothing like sense in the true Eastern style, where nothing more is required but sublimity. Oh, for a history of Aboulfaouris, the grand voyager, of genii, magicians, rocks, bags of bullets, giants, and enchant-

ers, where all is great, obscure, magnificent, and unintelligible!" "I have written many a sheet of Eastern tale myself," interrupts the author, "and I defy the severest critic to say but that I have stuck close to the true manner. I have compared a lady's chin to the snow upon the mountains of Bomek; a soldier's sword to the clouds that obscure the face of heaven. If riches are mentioned, I compared them to the flocks that graze the verdant Tiflis; if poverty, to the mists that veil the brow of Mount Baku. I have used 'thee' and 'thou' upon all occasions. I have described fallen stars and splitting mountains, not forgetting the little houris, who make a pretty figure in every description. But you shall hear how I generally begin: 'Eben-ben-bolo, who was the son of Ban, was born on the foggy summits of Benderabassi. His beard was whiter than the feathers which veil the breast of the penguin; his eyes were like the eyes of doves when washed by the dews of the morning; his hair, which hung like the willow weeping over the glassy stream, was so beautiful that it seemed to reflect its own brightness; and his feet were as the feet of a wild deer which fleeth to the tops of the mountains.' There, there is the true Eastern taste for you. Every advance made toward sense is only a deviation from sound. Eastern tales should always be sonorous, lofty, musical, and unmeaning."—"*Letters from a Citizen of the World.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs

I AM apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the

most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear. He bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we had got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the park so thin in my life before! There's no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen." "No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there's too much! What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolean, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous, and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day. I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to

Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred—but that's between ourselves—under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice. But no more of that: she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature. I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship—let it go no farther. She's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects. To which, answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window. We shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this, not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman, with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth," replied she in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts!" cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were

stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the *horns*. "And indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear, good-natured creature; I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations, neither; there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do—a turbot, an ortolan, a—" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupted the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer. But be sure to let us have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase. The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and,

after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave, Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.—"*Letters from a Citizen of the World.*"

William Cowper

John Gilpin's Ride

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
  "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
  All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
  Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
  On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire
  Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
  Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
  As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
  Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: "That's well said;
  And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
  Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
  O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
  She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
  But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
  Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
  Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
  To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
  Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
  As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
  Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
  But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he
  His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
  Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
  Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
  Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
  "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
  When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
  And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
  To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
  He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly!" John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

'Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
'Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
'A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd;
  Up flew the windows all;
'And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
  As loud as he could bawl.

'Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! He rides a race!
  'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
  These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play.

'At Edmonton his loving wife
  From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride.

"Stop! stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!"
  They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!"
  Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
  Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
  Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
  Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
  The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
  And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
  His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
  His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
  And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
  Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
  Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
  And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender
  In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
  And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here;
  They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
  His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
  But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
  A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
  Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
  Thus show'd his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
  They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
  That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
  Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day,
  And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
  And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
  "I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
  You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
  For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
  Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
  Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
  As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
  For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
  Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
  She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
  That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
  My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
  John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
  By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
  And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
  And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
  The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief! A highwayman!"
  Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
  Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it, too,
  For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up,
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king!
  And Gilpin, long live he!"
And when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

Report of an Adjudged Case

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
  The spectacles set them unhappily wrong.
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
  To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
  With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning;
While chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
  So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
  And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
  Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the Court—
  "Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the bridge of the Nose is; in short,
  Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—
  'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again—
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
  Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
  With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
  And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side—as a lawyer knows how—
  He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes.
But what were his arguments few people know,
  For the Court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave, solemn tone,
  Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but:*
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
  By daylight or candlelight, Eyes should be shut!

Pairing-Time Anticipated

I SHALL not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
  It chanced, then, on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind:
  "My friends, be cautious how ye treat

The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
  A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his goodwill would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or—which is likelier to befall—
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado.
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"
  Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turned short round, strutting, and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments, so well express'd,
Influenced mightily the rest;
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.
  But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow.
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled.

Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL

Misses, the tale that I relate
  This lesson seems to carry:
Choose not alone a proper mate,
  But proper time to marry.

The Love of the World Reproved

THUS says the Prophet of the Turk:
"Good Mussulman, abstain from pork.
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mohammed's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the Prophet had in mind.

Much controversy straight arose—
These chose the back, the belly those;
By some, 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mohammedans eat up the hog.
  You laugh—'tis well. The tale applied
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world! the preacher cries.
We do! a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting, and the chase.
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Hannah Cowley

Miss Letitia Plays the Hoyden

MRS. RACKETT *and* LETITIA HARDY.

Mrs. R. Come, prepare, prepare—your lover is coming!

Let. My lover! Confess, now, that my absence at dinner was a severe mortification to him.

Mrs. R. I can't absolutely swear it spoiled his appetite; he ate as if he was hungry, and drank his wine as though he liked it.

Let. What was the apology?

Mrs. R. That you were ill; but I gave him a hint that your extreme bashfulness could not support his eye.

Let. If I comprehend him, awkwardness and bashfulness are the last faults he can pardon in a woman; so expect to see me transformed into the veriest maukin.

Mrs. R. You persevere, then?

Let. Certainly. I know the design is a rash one, and the event important; it either makes Doricourt mine by all the tenderest ties of passion, or deprives me of him forever; and never to be his wife will afflict me less than to be his wife and not be beloved.

Mrs. R. So you won't trust to the good old maxim, "Marry first, and love will follow"?

Let. As readily as I would venture my last guinea that good fortune might follow. The woman that has not touched the heart of a man before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her.

Doric. (*without*). Up-stairs, hey?

Let. But here he comes! I'll disappear for a moment. Don't spare me. (*Exit.*)

Enter DORICOURT, *not seeing* MRS. RACKETT.

Doric. So! (*Looking at a picture.*) This is my mistress, I presume. *Ma foi!* the painter has hit her off. The downcast eye—the blushing cheek—timid—apprehensive—bashful. A tear and a prayer-book would have made her La Belle Magdalena.

> "Give me a woman in whose touching mien
> A mind, a soul, a polished art is seen;
> Whose motion speaks, whose poignant air can move;
> Such are the darts to wound with endless love."

Mrs. R. Is that an impromptu?

(*Touching him on the shoulder with her fan.*)

Doric. (*starting*). Madam! (*Aside.*) Finely caught! Not absolutely. It struck me, during the dessert, as a motto for your picture.

Mrs. R. Gallantly turned! I perceive, however, Miss Hardy's charms have made no violent impression on you. And who can wonder? The poor girl's defects are so obvious.

Doric. Defects?

Mrs. R. Merely those of education. Her father's indulgence ruined her. *Mauvaise honte,* conceit and ignorance all unite in the lady you are to marry.

Doric. Marry! I marry such a woman! Your picture, I hope, is overcharged. I marry *mauvaise honte,* pertness and ignorance!

Mrs. R. Thank your stars that ugliness and ill-temper are not added to the list. You must think her handsome.

Doric. Half her personal beauty would content me; but could the Medicean Venus be animated for me, and endowed with a vulgar soul, I should become the statue, and my heart transformed to marble.

Mrs. R. Bless us! We are in a hopeful way, then!

Doric. (*aside*). There must be some envy in this. I see she is a coquette. Ha-ha-ha! And you imagine I am persuaded of the truth of your character! Ha-ha-ha! Miss Hardy, I have been assured, madam, is elegant and accomplished—but one must allow for a lady's painting. (*Bows.*)

Mrs. R. (*aside*). I'll be even with him for that. Ha-ha-ha! And so you have found me out? Well, I protest I meant no harm; 'twas only to increase the *éclat* of her appearance that I threw a veil over her charms. Here comes the lady; her elegance and accomplishments will announce themselves.

Enter Letitia, *running.*

Let. La, cousin, do you know that our John— Oh, dear heart! I didn't see you, sir.

(*Hanging down her head, and dropping behind* Mrs. Rackett.)

Mrs. R. Fie, Letitia, Mr. Doricourt thinks you a woman of elegant manners. Stand forward and confirm his opinion.

Let. No, no; keep before me. He's my sweetheart, and 'tis impudent to look one's sweetheart in the face, you know.

Mrs. R. You'll allow in future for a lady's painting, sir. Ha-ha-ha!

Doric. I am astonished.

Let. Well, hang it, I'll take heart. Why, he is but a man,

you know, cousin—and I'll let him see I wasn't born in a wood to be scared by an owl. (*Half apart; advances, and looks at him through her fingers.*) He-he-he! (*Crosses, and makes a very stiff, formal courtesy. He bows.*) You have been a great traveller, sir, I hear. I wish you'd tell us about the fine sights you saw when you went over sea. I have read in a book that there are some other countries, where the men and women are all horses. Did you see any of them?

Mrs. R. Mr. Doricourt is not prepared, my dear, for these inquiries. He is reflecting on the importance of the question, and will answer you—when he can.

Let. When he can! Why, he's as slow in speech as Aunt Margery when she's reading "Thomas Aquinas," and stands gaping like mumchance.

Mrs. R. Have a little discretion.

Let. Hold your tongue! Sure I may say what I please before I am married, if I can't afterward. D'ye think a body does not know how to talk to a sweetheart? He is not the first I have had.

Doric. Indeed!

Let. O lud, he speaks! Why, if you must know, there was the curate at home. When papa was a-hunting, he used to come a-suitoring, and make speeches to me out of books. Nobody knows what a mort of fine things he used to say to me, and call me Venis, and Jubah, and Dinah.

Doric. And pray, fair lady, how did you answer him?

Let. Why, I used to say, "Look you, Mr. Curate, don't think to come over me with your flimflams, for a better man than ever trod in your shoes is coming over sea to marry me." But 'ifags, I begin to think I was out. Parson Dobbins was the sprightfuler man of the two.

Doric. Surely this cannot be Miss Hardy?

Let. Laws, why, don't you know me? You saw me to-day, but I was daunted before my father, and the lawyer, and all them, and did not care to speak out; so maybe you thought I couldn't. But I can talk as fast as anybody when I knows folks a little. (*Introduces song.*) And now I have shown my parts, I hope you'll like me better.

Enter HARDY.

Har. I foresee this won't do. Mr. Doricourt, maybe you take my daughter for a fool, but you are mistaken; she's as sensible a girl as any in England.

Doric. I am convinced she has a very uncommon understanding, sir. (*Aside.*) I did not think he had been such an ass!

Let. (*aside*). My father will undo the whole. Laws, papa, how can you think he can take me for a fool, when everybody knows I beat the 'pothecary at conundrums last Christmastime? And didn't I make a string of names, all in riddles, for the Lady's Diary? There was a little river and a great house: that was Newcastle. There was what a lamb says, and three letters: that was ba, and k-e-r, ker, baker. There was——

Har. Don't stand ba-a-ing there. You'll make me mad in a moment. I tell you, sir, that for all that, she's devilish sensible.

Doric. Sir, I give all possible credit to your assertions.

Let. Laws, papa, do come along! (*Crosses to* HARDY.) If you stand watching, how can my sweetheart break his mind, and tell me how he admires me?

Doric. That would be difficult indeed, madam.

Har. I tell you, Letty, I'll have no more of this. I see well enough——

Let. Laws, don't snub me before my husband—that is to be. You'll teach him to snub me, too, and I believe, by his looks, he'd like to begin now. So let us go. (HARDY *pulls her.*) Cousin, you may tell the gentleman what a genus I have (HARDY *pulls her again*)—how I can cut watch-papers, and work catgut (*pulls her again*)—make quadrille baskets with pins, and take profiles in shade (*pushes* HARDY *off; he returns, and urges her to go*)—aye, as well as the lady at No. 62 South Moulton Street, Grosvenor Square.

(*Exeunt* HARDY *and* LETITIA.)

Mrs. R. What think you of my painting now?

Doric. Oh, mere water-colours, madam. The lady has caricatured your picture.

Mrs. R. And how does she strike you, on the whole?

Doric. Like a good design spoiled by the incapacity of the artist. Her faults are evidently the result of her father's weak indulgence. I observed an expression in her eye that seemed to satirise the folly of her lips.

Mrs. R. But at her age, when education is fixed, and manner becomes nature, hopes of improvement——

Doric. Would be absurd. Besides, I can't turn schoolmaster. Doricourt's wife must be incapable of improvement; but it must be because she's got beyond it.

Mrs. R. I am pleased your misfortune sits no heavier.

Doric. Your pardon, madam. So mercurial was the hour in which I was born, that misfortunes always go plump to the bottom of my heart, like a pebble in water, and leave the surface unruffled. I shall certainly set off for Bath, or the other world, to-night. But whether I shall use a chaise with four swift coursers, or go off in a tangent, from the aperture of a pistol, deserves consideration. So I make my adieus.

—"*The Belle's Stratagem.*"

Bishop Percy

King John and the Abbot

'An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
'And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his housekeeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

'An hundred men, the King did heare say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
'And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy housekeeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the Abbot, "I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your Grace will doe me no deere
For spending of mine owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the King, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Oh, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now three week's space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a-going to fold:
"How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home!
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give:
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about.
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, Sire Abbot. Did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array, most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the Pope."

"Now, welcome, Sire Abbot," the King he did say;
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your Grace merrye:
You thinke I'm the Abbott of Canterburye;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The King he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now, naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

—*"Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."*

The Distracted Puritan

Am I mad, oh, noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
  Have put me in hope
  To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the college?

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
  Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come, hear me pray nine times a day,
  And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education,
  Where my friends surmise
  I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four poor quarters;
  Whilst this I endure,
  Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxe's martyrs.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion:
  Take off this chain,
  Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
  If they let me alone
  I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
  I kept him aloof
  With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster:
  But the sons of pride
  My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book between them.
  I have been in despair
  Five times in a year,
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.

I observ'd in Perkins' tables
The black line of damnation;
  Those crooked veins
  So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure;
  Till I prick'd my foot
  With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.

I appear'd before the archbishop,
And all the high commission;
  I gave him no grace,
  But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
  Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
  And fill your heads with crotchets.

—*"Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."*

Lilli Burlero

  Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
    Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
  Dat we shall have a new deputie,
    Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talböte:
  Lilli, etc.,
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
  Lilli, etc.,
De law's on dare side, and Crish knows what.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
  Lilli, etc.,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
  Lilli, etc.,
And with brave lads is coming aboard:

Who all in France have taken a sware,
  Lilli, etc.,
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
  Lilli, etc.,
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
  Lilli, etc.,
And we shall have commissions gillore.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
  Lilli, etc.,
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
  Lilli, etc.,
By Crish and Shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
  Lilli, etc.,
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
  Lilli, etc.,
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass.
  Lilli, etc.

—"*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*"

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute Settle Lydia's Future

LYDIA LANGUISH, LUCY, JULIA.

Lucy. Oh, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lyd. They'll not come here. Lucy, do you watch.

(*Exit* LUCY.)

Jul. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming up-stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you, coz. Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland. There, through my room you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu! (*Exit.*)

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick! Fling "Peregine Pickle" under the toilet; throw "Roderick Random" into the closet; put "The Innocent Adultery" into "The Whole Duty of Man"; thrust "Lord Aimworth" under the sofa; cram "Ovid" behind the bolster. There—put "The Man of Feeling" into your pocket.

So, so—now lay "Mrs. Chapone" in sight, and leave "Fordyce's Sermons" open on the table.

Lucy. Oh, burn it, ma'am! The hair-dresser has torn away as far as "Proper Pride."

Lyd. Never mind—open at "Sobriety." Fling me "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." Now for 'em. (*Exit* LUCY.)

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss. There is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Aye, this comes of her reading.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now, don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.

But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-amoor. And yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made! And when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am. I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet.

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand. From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. But above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every

third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate. You say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection! Let him object, if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple. In their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this." If he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice: keep a tight hand. If she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.—"*The Rivals.*"

Boy Acres Sends a Challenge

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you!

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius: I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady; her friends take my part; I follow her to Bath; send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience. Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there? And you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! To be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir Luc. Aye, to be sure. What can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at all; he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. Gad, that's true! I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Luc. What the devil signifies right, when your honour is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! For, though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors, too—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! Say no more; I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds."

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Luc. Pray, compose yourself.

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now: *Sir*——

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. *To prevent the confusion that might arise*——

Acres. Well——

Sir Luc. *From our both addressing the same lady*——

Acres. Aye, there's the reason—same lady. Well——

Sir Luc. *I shall expect the honour of your company*——

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir Luc. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, *honour of your company*——

Sir Luc. *To settle our pretensions*——

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see—aye, King's-Mead Fields will do—*in King's-Mead Fields.*

Acres. So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and a dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present— But remember, now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

ACRES *and* DAVID.

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres. Ah, David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valour.

Dav. Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off; but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

Dav. Aye, by the mass! And I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odd blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

Dav. I say, then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman. Look'ee, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend—aye, truly a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well, my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So we fight. Pleasant enough, that! Boh! I kill him—the more's my luck! Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy!

Acres. No, David; in that case—odds crowns and laurels! —your honour follows you to the grave.

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward! It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What! shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master; to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey? Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done.

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! Those be such desperate, bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em—from a child I never could fancy 'em! I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Zounds! I won't be afraid! Odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

Dav. Aye, i' the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch! Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more. 'Twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall! But I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! Aye, poor creature, she little thinks what

shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

Acres. It won't do, David; I am determined to fight! So get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

—"*The Rivals.*"

The Literary Lady

WHAT motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
Whom maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A lettered gossip and a household wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
Round her strewed room a frippery chaos lies,
A checkered wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass;
Unfinished, here an epigram is laid,
And there, a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
There, new-born plays forestate the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.
A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
Here Act the First, and here, Remove with Fish.
Now, while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and threads, and bowls, and thimbles mix.

A Domestic Tiff

SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will, too! What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Pet. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me. I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Old enough! Aye, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teaz. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teaz. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Pet. Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teaz. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teaz. Oh, yes; I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from. But now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teaz. No, I swear I never did that. I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. This, madam, was your situation. And what have

I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; that is——

Sir Pet. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. H'm, h'm!!

Sir Pet. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you. However, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teaz. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Pet. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Pet. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Pet. Aye—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! And, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Pet. Aye, there's another precious circumstance. A charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teaz. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Pet. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teaz. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Pet. Ah, they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teaz. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Pet. Grace, indeed.

Lady Teaz. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humour; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir Pet. Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teaz. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to ye. (*Exit.*)

Sir Pet. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

—"*The School for Scandal.*"

Gossip at Lady Sneerwell's

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Jos. Surf. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Ben. Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Ben. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that, one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:

> "Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
> Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
> To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
> Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long."

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback, too.

Jos. Surf. A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Ben. Oh, dear, sir, trifles—trifles!

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teaz. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Mar. I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady Teaz. (*aside*). I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her. I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teaz. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming, fresh colour.

Lady Teaz. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. Oh, fie! I'll swear her colour is natural. I have seen it come and go!

Lady Teaz. I dare swear you have, ma'am. It goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Ben. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Can. Ha-ha-ha! How I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

Crab. Who—Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty, if she's an hour!

Mrs. Can. Now, positively, you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Ben. Ah, there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she

effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

Sir Ben. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill; but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crab. Ha-ha-ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Can. Ha-ha-ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Ben. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teaz. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing—which very seldom happens—she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were—thus. (*Shows her teeth.*)

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teaz. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.* (*Mimics.*)

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teaz. In defence of a friend, it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Pet. Ladies, your most obedient. (*Aside.*) Mercy

on me, here is the whole set! A character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as anyone.

Sir Pet. That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Can. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teaz. What! the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teaz. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Pet. Yes, a good defence, truly.

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and

for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True; and then as to her manner—upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Ben. Ah, you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Pet. (*aside.*) Yes, damned good-nature! This their own relation! Mercy on me!

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Pet. No, to be sure!

Sir Ben. Oh, you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teaz. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverbs.

Mrs. Can. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. Oh, to be sure! She has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Ben. So she has, indeed: an Irish front——

Crab. Caledonian locks——

Sir Ben. Dutch nose——

Crab. Austrian lips——

Sir Ben. Complexion of a Spaniard——

Crab. And teeth *à la Chinoise*——

Sir Ben. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation——

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha-ha-ha!

Sir Pet. (*aside*). Mercy on my life! A person they dine with twice a week!

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle——

Sir Pet. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha-ha-ha! Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Pet. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teaz. True, Sir Peter. I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Ben. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teaz. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Pet. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter, would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Pet. Aye, madam; and then no person should be

permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Pet. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them, too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers to* SIR PETER.

Sir Pet. I'll be with them directly. (*Aside.*) I'll get away unperceived.

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Pet. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

—*"The School for Scandal."*

Calendar of the Months

JANUARY snowy,
February flowy,
March blowy,

April show'ry,
May flow'ry,
June bow'ry,

July moppy,
August croppy,
September poppy,

October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

The Art of Puffing

DANGLE, SNEER, *and* PUFF.

Dang. My dear Puff!

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dang. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer, is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment——

Sneer. Dear sir——

Dang. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow. Among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *vivâ voce.* I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging! I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town. Devilish hard work all the summer, friend Dangle—never worked harder! But, hark'ee, the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.

Dang. No; I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Aye, then that must have been affectation in them; for, egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

Sneer (*aside*). Aye, the humourous ones. But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes—but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends? No such thing: nine out of ten manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers, now—the auctioneers, I say—though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs. Take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues! No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style, 'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor; by me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits; to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves; to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the

grateful soil; or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dang. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! If they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention! You must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes!

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes! You practised as a doctor and an attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey! what the plague!

Dang. 'Tis true, i' faith.

Puff. Hark'ee! By advertisements—*To the charitable and humane,* and *To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!*

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes. Then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burned out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dang. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

Puff. In November last? Oh, no; I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterward twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to— Oh, no; then I became a widow with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands pressed and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes, though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se;* but as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishments, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication. And so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative indeed! And your

confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery, sir! I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule!

Puff. O Lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid! Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts. The principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, and the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of Letter to the Editor, Occasional Anecdote, Impartial Critique, Observation from Correspondent, or Advertisement from the Party.

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive——

Puff. Oh, yes, that's simple enough! For instance: A new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres, though, by-the-bye, they don't bring out half what they ought to do. The author is, suppose, Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine. Very well: the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received; I have the plot from the author, and only add: "Characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—Attic salt." Then, for the performance: "Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry. That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the colonel. But it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King; indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts

of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience. As to the scenery, the miraculous powers of Mr. De Loutherbourg's pencil are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers."

Sneer. That's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. Oh, cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do!

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O Lud, yes, sir! The number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

Sneer. Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

Puff. Oh, that, sir, does well in the form of a caution. In a matter of gallantry, now: Sir Flimsy Gossamer wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete; he applies to me; I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the *Morning Post:* "It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*"—in italics. Here, you see, Sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny, who perhaps never thought of him before; she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him; the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment; this produces a sort of sympathy of interest, which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together by a particular set, and in a particular way—which

nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dang. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business!

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote: "Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bonmot was sauntering down St. James' Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle coming out of the park. 'Good God! Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket, for I expected never to have seen you but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light horseman's cap!' 'Heavens! George, where could you have learned that?' 'Why,' replied the wit, 'I just saw a print of you in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine;* which, by-the-bye, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row; price only one shilling.'"

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed!

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any, for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets: "An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called 'Beelzebub's Cotillon, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre,' is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read. The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking; and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age." Here, you see, the two strongest inducements are held forth: first, that nobody ought to read it;

and, secondly, that everybody buys it, on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for *scan. mag.*

Dang. Ha-ha-ha! 'Gad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance. It attracts in titles and presumes in patents; it lurks in the limitation of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect honour on the patrons; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen, who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribbon for implied services in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity, yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius—the register of charity—the triumph of heroism—the self-defence of contractors—the fame of orators—and the gazette of ministers.—"*The Critic.*"

Lord Erskine's Simile

Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
Called a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And fair Lady Anne, while this raillery he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading, if taken aright?
A canister's useful and polished and bright,
And if dirt its original purity hide,
'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

Anecdotes

Sheridan said to a tailor who asked him at least for the interest of his bill, "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will. I bought them, and paid for them!"

At a party, one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Sheridan's father lamented the ill-judged parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Dick," said he, "you need not complain; I always allowed you eight hundred a year." "Yes, father, I must confess you *allowed* it; but then it was never paid."

Thomas Sheridan bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. His son Richard observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awfully careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" "Because someone might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

Sheridan, being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the other members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

Burke, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons in 1793, drew a dagger from his breast and threw it upon the floor of the house, saying, "That is what you are to obtain from an alliance with France." "The gentleman has brought his knife," exclaimed Sheridan, "but where is the fork?"

Being asked whether he thought Mr. O'Brien was right in his assertion that many thousands of the electors of Westminster would vote for the Duke of Northumberland's porter, were he put up, Sheridan coolly replied, "No, my friend; O'Brien is wrong. But they might vote for Mr. Whitbread's porter."

Sheridan was down at Brighton, one summer, when Fox, the manager, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan!" said Fox, who combined twenty occupations without being clever in one, "I built and painted all these

boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a Fox by your brush."

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or beasts?" Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men of course!" "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

Once, when charged with inconsistency, Sheridan retorted that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying, "Past three," said, "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He's the most inconsistent fellow out. Why, he changes his story every half-hour."

Sheridan was dining with Lord Thurlow, when he produced some admirable Constantia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his rare Cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another glass. Sheridan, being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immovable pillar of the law, turned toward a gentleman sitting farther down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira, since I cannot double the Cape."

Charles Dibdin

Nongtongpaw

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France,
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answered John in heathen Greek;
To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,
'Twas, "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais Royal come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb.
"I say, whose house is that there here?"
"House? *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"
"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John;
"This fellow is some mighty Don;
No doubt he's plenty for the maw.
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marle's height,
And cried, astonished at the sight,
"Whose fine estate is that there here?"
"State? *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"
"His? What! the land, and houses, too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew;
On *everything* he lays his claw.
I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair.
John cried, enchanted with her air,
"What lovely wench is that there here?"
"Ventch! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"
"What! he again? Upon my life,
A palace, lands, and then a wife,
Sir Joshua might delight to draw!
I'd like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
"*Je vous n'entends pas.*" "What! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up.
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
But, since he chooses to withdraw,
Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

Mrs. Thrale

The Three Warnings

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
  The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried.
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard.

His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near.
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
  Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
  As all alone he sate,
  The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
  Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
  And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease I can recover
    damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And, sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

W. B. Rhodes

Bombastes Furioso

CHARACTERS

ARTAXOMINOUS, *King of Utopia.*
FUSBOS, *Minister of State.*
GENERAL BOMBASTES.
ATTENDANTS.
ARMY: A long Drummer, a short Fifer, and two (sometimes three) Soldiers of different dimensions.
DISTAFFINA.

SCENE I. *Interior of the Palace.*

The KING *in his chair of state. A table set out with punch-bowl, glasses, pipes, etc.* ATTENDANTS *on each side.*

TRIO—"*Tekeli.*"

1st Atten. What will your Majesty please to wear?
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown.
2d Atten. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare?
(*Showing long bill.*)
King. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.
2d Atten. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl, or pigeons, pig, or hare!
1st Atten. Or blue, or green, or red, or black, or white, or brown.
What will your Majesty, etc.
King. Get out of my sight, etc.
(*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.)

Enter Fusbos, *and kneels to the* King.

Fusbos. Hail, Artaxominous, yclep'd the Great!
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news. But ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.
King. Rise, learned Fusbos—rise, my friend, and know
We are but middling—that is, *so, so!*
Fusbos. Only *so, so!* Oh, monstrous, doleful thing!
Is it the mulligrubs affects the king?
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy?
King. Nor mulligrubs nor devils blue are here,
But yet we feel ourselves a little queer.
Fusbos. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbutton'd, and the wig awry;
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,
And sit and mope beside the kitchen fire.
King. Last night, when undisturb'd by state affairs,
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again!
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.
Fusbos. So when some donkey on the Blackheath Road,
Falls, overpower'd, beneath his sandy load;
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,
Since none can carry more than they can bear.
King. The sapient Doctor Muggins came in haste,
Who suits his physic to his patient's taste;
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,
Hath just prescrib'd, "To take a morning whet";

The very sight each sick'ning pain subdues.
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit, and tell thy news.

Fusbos (*sits*). Gen'ral Bombastes, whose resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth!

King. Does he, by Jingo? Then we'll drink his health!
(*Drum and fife.*)

Fusbos. But hark! With loud acclaim, the fife and drum
Announce your army near; behold, they come!

Enter BOMBASTES, *attended by one* DRUMMER, *one* FIFER, *and two* SOLDIERS, *all very materially differing in size. They march round the stage and back.*

Bombas. Meet me this ev'ning at the Barley Mow;
I'll bring your pay—you see I'm busy now.
Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.
(*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.)
(*To the* KING.) Thrash'd are your foes. This watch and silken string,
Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring;
I knock'd him down, then snatch'd it from his fob.
"Watch! watch!" he cried, when I had done the job.
"My watch is gone!" says he. Says I, "Just so;
Stop where you are; watches were made to go."

King. For which we make you Duke of Strombelo.
(BOMBASTES *kneels; the* KING *dubs him with a pipe, and then presents the bowl.*)
From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true;
And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,
He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,
Shall have a pipe from this our royal pouch.

Bombas (*arises*). Honours so great have all my toils repaid,
My liege, and Fusbos, here's "Success to trade."
Fusbos. Well said, Bombastes! Since thy mighty blows
Have given a quietus to our foes,
Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,
And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops.
The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease;
Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.
King. I shall smoke short-cut; you smoke what you please.
Bombas. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,
Short cut or long to me is all the same.
Bombas and *Fusbos.* In short, so long as we your favours claim,
Short cut or long, to us is all the same.
King. Thanks, gen'rous friends! Now list whilst I impart
How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart;
So long as this here pouch a pipe contains,
Or a full glass in that there bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong;
This do I swear. And now let's have a song.
Fusbos. My liege shall be obeyed.
(*Advances and attempts to sing.*)
Bombas. Fusbos, give place;
You know you haven't got a singing face;
Here nature, smiling, gave the winning grace.

SONG—"*Hope Told a Flattering Tale.*"

Hope told a flattering tale,
Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
In peace would keep me warm.

The flatt'rer is not gone;
She visits number one:
In love I'm monstrous deep.
Love! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.
Hope told a flattering tale,
  Lest love should soon grow cool;
A tub thrown to a whale,
  To make the fish a fool:
Should Distaffina frown,
  Then love's gone out of town;
And when love's dream is o'er,
  Then we wake and dream no more. (*Exit.*)

(*The* KING *evinces strong emotions during the song, and at the conclusion starts up.*)

Fusbos. What ails my liege? Ah, why that look so sad?

King (*coming forward*). I am in love! I scorch, I freeze, I'm mad!

Oh, tell me, Fusbos, first and best of friends,
You, who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,
Shall it be so, or shall it not be so?
Shall I my Griskinissa's charms forego,
Compel her to give up the regal chair,
And place the rosy Distaffina there?
In such a case, what course can I pursue?
I love my queen, and Distaffina too.

Fusbos. And would a king his general supplant?
I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

King. So when two feasts, whereat there's nought to pay,
Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,
The anxious Cit each invitation views,
And ponders which to take or which refuse;
From this or that to keep away is loth,

And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. (*Exit.*)

Fusbos. So when some schoolboy, on a rainy day,
Finds all his playmates will no longer stay,
He takes the hint himself—and walks away. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. *An Avenue of Trees.*

Enter the KING.

King. I'll seek the maid I love, though in my way
A dozen gen'rals stood in fierce array!
Such rosy beauties nature meant for kings;
Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

SCENE III. *Inside of a Cottage.*

Enter DISTAFFINA.

Distaf. This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay,
I dreamt—and morning dreams come true, they say—
I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,
And soon the pots and pans were turned to gold!
Then I resolv'd to cut a mighty dash;
But, lo! ere I could turn them into cash,
Another cunning man my heart betray'd,
Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

Enter the KING.

And pray, sir, who are you, I'd wish to know?

King. Perfection's self, oh, smooth that angry brow!
For love of thee, I've wander'd thro' the town,
And here have come to offer half a crown.

Distaf. Fellow! your paltry offer I despise;
The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.

King. He's but a general. Damsel, I'm a king.

Distaf. Oh, sir, that makes it quite another thing.

King. And think not, maiden, I could e'er design
'A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.
No; the half crown that ting'd thy cheeks with red,
And bade fierce anger o'er thy beauties spread,
Was meant that thou should'st share my throne and bed.

Distaf. (*aside*). My dream is out, and I shall soon behold
The pots and pans all turn to shining gold.

King (*puts his hat down to kneel on*). Here, on my knees—those knees which ne'er till now
To man or maid in suppliance bent—I vow
Still to remain, till you my hopes fulfil,
Fixt as the Monument on Fish Street Hill.

Distaf. (*kneels*). And thus I swear, as I bestow my hand,
As long as e'er the Monument shall stand,
So long I'm yours——

King. Are then my wishes crown'd?

Distaf. La, sir! I'd not say no for twenty pound.
Let silly maids for love their favours yield,
Rich ones for me—a king against the field.

SONG—"*Paddy's Wedding.*"

Queen Dido at
Her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking Oh;
She sung and drew
The worsted through,
Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking Oh
(For a babe she had
By a soldier lad,
Though hist'ry passes it over Oh):
"You tell-tale brat,

I've been a flat,
Your daddy has proved a rover Oh.
What a fool was I
To be cozen'd by
'A fellow without a penny Oh;
When rich ones came,
And ask'd the same,
For I'd offers from never so many Oh;
But I'll darn my hose,
Look out for beaux,
'And quickly get a new lover Oh."
Then come, lads, come,
Love beats the drum,
'And a fig for Æneas the rover Oh!

King. So Orpheus sang of old, or poets lie,
'And as the brutes were charmed, e'en so am I.
Rosy-cheek'd maid, henceforth my only queen,
Full soon shalt thou in royal robes be seen;
And through my realm I'll issue this decree,
None shall appear of taller growth than thee;
Painters no other face portray; each sign
O'er alehouse hung shall change its head for thine;
Poets shall cancel their unpublish'd lays,
And none presume to write but in thy praise.
Distaf. (*fetches a bottle and glass*). And may I then, without offending, crave
My love to taste of this, the best I have?
King. Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,
Thy touch would render it of matchless worth;
Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you;
Best proof of love (*drinks*), 'tis full-proof Hodges' too;

Through all my veins I feel a genial glow;
It fires my soul——
Bombastes (*within*). Ho, Distaffina, ho!
King. Heard you that voice?
Distaf. Oh yes, 'tis what's-his-name,
The General. Send him packing as he came.
King. And is it he? and doth he hither come?
Ah, me! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb.
Where shall I go? say, whither shall I fly?
Hide me, oh, hide me from his injur'd eye!
Distaf. Why, sure you're not alarm'd at such a thing?
He's but a general, and you're a king.
(KING *conceals himself in a closet.*)

Enter BOMBASTES.

Bombas. Lov'd Distaffina! now by my scars I vow,
Scars got—I haven't time to tell you how—
By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,
Risks of all shapes from bludgeon, sword, and gun,
Steel traps, the patrol, bailiff shrewd, and dun;
By the great bunch of laurel on my brow,
Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow!
Oh, let me greet thee with a loving kiss—— (*Sees the hat,*)
Why, what the devil! Say, whose hat is this?
Distaf. Why, help your silly brains, that's not a hat.
Bombas. No hat?
Distaf. Suppose it is, why, what of that?
A hat can do no harm without a head!
Bombas. Whoe'er it fits, this hour I doom him dead;
Alive from hence the caitiff shall not stir——
(*Discovers the* KING.)
Your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

King. Oh, general, oh!
Bombas. My much-loved master, oh!
What means all this?
KING. Indeed, I hardly know——
Distaf. You hardly know? A very pretty joke,
If kingly promises so soon are broke!
Aren't I to be a queen, and dress so fine?
King. I do repent me of the foul design.
To thee, my brave Bombastes, I restore
Pure Distaffina, and will never more
Through lane or street with lawless passion rove,
But give to Griskinissa all my love.
Bombas. No, no, I'll love no more. Let him who can,
Fancy the maid who fancies ev'ry man.
In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave;
There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave.
Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die,
Since woman's constancy is—all my eye.

TRIO—*"Oh, Lady Fair!"*

Distaf. Oh, cruel man! where are you going?
Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.
Bombas. I go, I go, all comfort scorning;
Some death I'll die before the morning.
Distaf. Heigho, heigho! sad is that warning;
Oh, do not die before the morning!
King. I'll follow him, all danger scorning;
He shall not die before the morning.
Bombas. I go, I go, etc.
Distaf. Heigho, heigho, etc.
King. I'll follow him, etc.

(*They hold him by the coat-tails, but he gradually tugs them off.*)

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter FUSBOS.

Fusbos. This day is big with fate. Just as I set
My foot across the threshold, lo! I met
A man whose squint terrific struck my view.
Another came, and, lo! he squinted too.
And ere I reach'd the corner of the street,
Some ten short paces, 'twas my lot to meet
A third who squinted more. A fourth, and he
Squinted more vilely than the other three.
Such omens met the eye when Cæsar fell,
But cautioned him in vain; and who can tell
Whether those awful notices of fate
Are meant for kings or ministers of state;
For rich or poor, old, young, or short or tall,
The wrestler Love trips up the heels of all.

SONG—"*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

My lodging is in Leather Lane,
  A parlour that's next to the sky;
'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
  But the wind and the rain I defy.
Such love warms the coldest of spots,
  As I feel for Scrubinda the fair;
Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots,
  In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

Oh, were I a quart, pint, or gill,
  To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands,
Let others possess what they will
  Of learning, and houses, and lands;

My parlour that's next to the sky
  I'd quit, her blest mansion to share;
So happy to live and to die
  In Doyt Street, Bloomsbury Square.

And oh, would this damsel be mine,
  No other provision I'd seek;
On a look I could breakfast and dine,
  And feast on a smile for a week.
But, ah! should she false-hearted prove,
  Suspended, I'll dangle in air,
A victim to delicate love,
  In Doyt Street, Bloomsbury Square. (*Exit.*)

Enter BOMBASTES, *preceded by a* FIFER *playing "Michael Wiggins."*

Bombas. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
Proceed. Play "Michael Wiggins" once again.
(*He does so.*)
Music's the food of love; give o'er, give o'er,
For I must batten on that food no more. (*Exit* FIFER.)
My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,
Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
So, should some youth by fortune's blest decrees,
Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
And bent some favour'd party to regale,
Lay in a kilderkin, or so, of ale;
Lo, angry fate! In one unlucky hour
Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.
(*Forms his sash into a noose.*)

Alas! Alack! Alack! And well-a-day,
That ever man should make himself away!
That ever man for woman false should die,
As many have, and so, and so (*prepares to hang himself; tries the sensation, but disapproves of the result*) won't I!
No, I'll go mad! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,
And with this wicked wanton world a woeful war I'll wage!

(*Hangs his boots to the arm of a tree, and, taking a scrap of paper, with a pencil writes the following couplet, which he attaches to them, repeating the words*):

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face."
Thus do I challenge all the human race!

(*Draws his sword, and retires up the stage, and off.*)

Enter the KING.

King. Scorning my proffer'd hand, he frowning fled,
Curs'd the fair maid, and shook his angry head.

(*Perceives the boots and label.*),

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face."
Ha! dost thou dare me, vile, obnoxious elf?
I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself.
Where'er thou art, with speed prepare to go
Where I shall send thee—to the shades below.

(*Knocks down the boots.*)

Bombas. (*coming forward*). So have I heard, on Afric's burning shore,
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore.

King. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.
Bombas. Am I then mocked? Now, by my fame, I swear
You soon shall have it. There! (*They fight.*)
King. Where?
Bombas. There, and there!
King. I have it, sure enough! Oh, I am slain!
I'd give a pot of beer to live again. (*Falls on his back.*)
Yet ere I die I something have to say:
My once-lov'd gen'ral, pri'thee come this way!
Oh! oh! my Bom—— (*Dies.*)
Bombas. —Bastes he would have said,
But, ere the word was out, his breath was fled.
Well, peace be with him; his untimely doom
Shall thus be mark'd upon his costly tomb:
"Fate cropt him short; for be it understood,
He would have liv'd much longer—if he could."
(*Retires again up the stage.*)

Enter Fusbos.

Fusbos. This was the way they came, and much I fear
There's mischief in the wind. What have we here?
King Artaxominous bereft of life!
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.
Bombas. A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell,
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell;
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.
Fusbos. No, thou thyself shalt thy own message bear;
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there.
(*They fight;* Bombastes *is wounded.*)

Bombas. Oh, Fusbos, Fusbos! I am diddled quite;
Dark clouds come o'er my eyes—farewell, good night!
Good night! my mighty soul's inclined to roam,
So make my compliments to all at home.

(*Lies down by the* KING.)

Fusbos. And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise,
Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes;
And this short epitaph that speaks thy fame,
Shall also there immortalize my name:
"Here lies Bombastes, stout of heart and limb,
Who conquered all but Fusbos—Fusbos him."

Enter DISTAFFINA.

Distaf. Ah, wretched maid! Oh, miserable fate!
I've just arrived in time to be too late.
Fusbos. Go, beauty, go, thou source of woe to man,
And get another lover where you can.
Distaf. But are you sure they're dead?
Fusbos. Yes, dead as herrings—herrings that are red.

FINALE.

Distaf. Briny tears I'll shed;
King. I for joy shall cry, too; (*Rising.*)
Fusbos. Zounds! the King's alive!
Bombas. Yes, and so am I, too! (*Rising.*)
Distaf. It was better far,
King. Thus to check all sorrow;
Fusbos. But, if some folks please,
Bombas. We'll die again to-morrow!

Robert Burns

Holy Willie's Prayer

Oh, Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
Whan thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation!
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' Thy flock.

. . . . . .

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
And public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us.
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak' it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

Oh Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin'
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed snakin',
And hid his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him;
And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be Thine.
Amen! amen!

Tam O'Shanter

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

Oh, Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on
The smith and thee gat roarin' 'fou on;

That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale. Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better!
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel' amang the nappy;

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed.
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;

Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,

She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and metal in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And, by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now, Tam, oh, Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,

In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah, little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A supple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd,
Even Satan glower'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig!

There at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle.
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail;
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

The Death of Poor Mailie

'As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin' by.

Wi' glowerin' een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he couldna mend it!
He gapéd wide, but naething spak;
At length poor Mailie silence brak:

"Oh, thou, whose lamentable face
'Appears to mourn my wofu' case,
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh, bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'.

"Tell him, he was a master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gates
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets—
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care;
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast.
An' warn him—what I winna name—
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes,

"An' neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"An' now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this curséd tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her een amang the dead!

To a Louse

On Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it—
The verra tapmost, tow'rin' height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' grey as ony grozet:
Oh, for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wadna been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fy!
How daur ye do't?

Oh Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what curséd speed
The blastie's makin':
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'.

Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

The Two Dogs

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearin' thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
  The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.
  His lockéd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.
  The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whiles snuff'd an' snowkit;
Whiles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whiles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' all their play,
They set them down their minds to say.
An' there began a lang digression
About the "lords o' the creation."

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.
Our laird gets in his rackéd rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee, blasted wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant-man
His Honour has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
But how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.
I've notic'd, on our laird's court-day—
An' mony a time my heart's been wae—
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think,
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink;
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans, an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whiles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's ower true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now ower aften play'd;
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,

Wha, aiblins thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it.
For Britain's guid! Guid faith, I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him:
An' saying aye or no they bid him.
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton,* an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna, or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel' look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

Oh, would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsel's wi' country sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Feint haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' of a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them;
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsel's to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's dune, she's unco weel;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n-down want o' wark are curst.

They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless.
  An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
  The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' swearing,
Neist day their life is past the bearing.
  The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run-deils an' jads thegither.
Whiles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhanged blackguard.

The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they werena men, but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

William Cobbett

Writing Plays Like Shakespeare's

It is the practice to extol every line of Shakespeare to the skies. Not to admire Shakespeare has been deemed to be a proof of want of understanding and taste. Mr. Garrick, and some others, had their own good and profitable reasons for crying up the works of this poet. When I was a very little boy there was a jubilee in honour of Shakespeare; and as he was said to have planted a mulberry-tree, boxes and other little ornamental things in wood were sold all over the country, as having been made out of the trunk or limbs of this ancient and sacred tree. We Protestants laugh at the relics so highly prized by Catholics; but never was a Catholic people half so much duped by the relics of saints as this nation was by the mulberry-tree, of which, probably, more wood was sold than would have been sufficient in quantity to build a ship of war or a large house. This madness abated for some time, but later on it broke out again with more fury than ever. Shakespeare's works were published by Boydell, an alderman of London, at a subscription of £500 for each copy, accompanied by plates, each forming a large picture.

Amongst the madmen of the day was a Mr. Ireland, who seemed to be more mad than any of the rest. His adoration of the poet led him to perform a pilgrimage to an old farmhouse near Stratford-upon-Avon, said to have been the birthplace of the poet. Arrived at the spot, he requested the farmer and his wife to let him search the house for papers, first going upon his knees, and praying, in the poetic style, the

gods to aid him in his quest. He found no papers; but he found that the farmer's wife, in clearing out a garret some years before, had found some rubbishy old papers which she had burnt, and which had probably been papers used in the wrapping up of pigs' cheeks, to keep them from the bats. "Oh, wretched woman!" exclaimed he; "do you know what you have done?" "Oh, dear, no!" said the woman, half frightened out of her wits; "no harm, I hope, for the papers were very old—I dare say as old as the house itself." This threw him into an additional degree of excitement, as it is now fashionably called. He raved, he stamped, he foamed, and at last quitted the house, covering the poor woman with every term of reproach; and hastening back to Stratford, took post-chaise for London, to relate to his brother madmen the horrible sacrilege of this heathenish woman.

Unfortunately for Mr. Ireland, unfortunately for his learned brothers in the metropolis, and unfortunately for the reputation of Shakespeare, Mr. Ireland took with him, to the scene of his adoration, a son, about sixteen years of age, who was articled to an attorney in London. The son was by no means so sharply bitten as the father; and, upon returning to town, he conceived the idea of supplying the place of the invaluable papers which the farm-house heathen had destroyed. He thought, and he thought rightly, that he should have little difficulty in writing plays just like those of Shakespeare. To get paper that should seem to have been made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and ink that should give to writing the appearance of having the same age, was somewhat difficult; but both were overcome. Young Ireland was acquainted with the son of a bookseller who dealt in old books; the blank leaves of these books supplied the young author with paper; and he found out the way of making

proper ink for his purpose. To work he went, wrote several plays, some love-letters, and other things; and, having got a Bible, extant in the time of Shakespeare, he wrote notes in the margin. All these, together with sonnets in abundance, and other little detached pieces, he produced to his father, telling him he got them from a gentleman, who had made him swear that he would not divulge his name. The father announced the invaluable discovery to the literary world; the literary world rushed to him; the manuscripts were regarded as genuine by the most grave and learned doctors, some of whom gave, under their hands, an opinion that the manuscripts must have been written by Shakespeare; for that no other man in the world could have been capable of writing them.

Mr. Ireland opened a subscription, published these new and invaluable manuscripts at an enormous price, and preparations were instantly made for performing one of the plays, called "Vortigern." Soon after the acting of the play, the indiscretion of the lad caused the secret to explode; and, instantly, those who had declared that he had written as well as Shakespeare, did everything in their power to destroy him. The attorney drove him from his office; the father drove him from his house; and, in short, he was hunted down as if he had been a malefactor of the worst description.

—*"Advice to a Young Man."*

The Complicated Ceremony of Shaving

A LOOKING-GLASS is a piece of furniture a great deal worse than useless. Looking at the face will not alter its shape or its colour; and perhaps, of all wasted time, none is so foolishly wasted as that which is employed in surveying one's own face.

Nothing can be of little importance if one be compelled to attend to it every day of our lives. If we shaved but once a year, or once a month, the execution of the thing would be hardly worth naming; but this is a piece of work that must be done once every day; and as it may cost only about five minutes of time, and may be, and frequently is, made to cost thirty, or even fifty minutes; and as only fifteen minutes make about a fifty-eighth part of the hours of our average daylight, this being the case, this is a matter of real importance. I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. "No," said Mr. Johnstone, "but I mean to do something a great deal better for him." "What is that?" said Sir John. "Why," said the other, "teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass." Which, I dare say, he did; and for which benefit I am sure that son has good reason to be grateful.

Only think of the inconvenience attending the common practice! There must be hot water. To have this, there must be a fire, and, in some cases, a fire for that purpose alone. To have these, there must be a servant, or you must light a fire yourself. For the want of these the job is put off until a later hour. This causes a stripping and another dress-

ing bout. Or you go in a slovenly state all that day, and the next day the thing must be done, or cleanliness must be abandoned altogether. If you be on a journey, you must wait the pleasure of the servants at the inn before you can dress and set out in the morning. The pleasant time for travelling is gone before you can move from the spot. Instead of being at the end of your day's journey in good time, you are benighted, and have to endure all the great inconveniences attendant on tardy movements. And all this from the apparently insignificant affair of shaving!—"*Advice to a Youth.*"

George Canning

The University of Gottingen

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
  This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
  Which once my love sat notting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas, how swift you flew,
  Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! This pallid hue!
  This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many; they were few
When first I entered at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen.

There, sweet, for thee my passion grew,
  Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
  That kings and priests are plotting in.
Here, doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen.

—"*The Rovers.*"

Frances Burney

Who Gave Us that Shove?

Madame Duval was accompanied by Monsieur Du Bois. I am surprised that she should introduce him where he is so unwelcome; and, indeed, it is strange that they should be so constantly together, though I believe I should not have taken notice of it, but that Captain Mirvan is perpetually rallying me on my grandmamma's beau.

They were both received by Mrs. Mirvan with her usual good-breeding, but the captain most provokingly attacked her immediately, saying, "Now, madam, you that have lived abroad, please tell me this here: which did you like best, the warm room at Ranlagh, or the cold bath you went into afterward? Though, I assure you, you look so well, that I should advise you to take another dip."

"*Ma foi,* sir!" cried she, "nobody asked for your advice, so you may as well keep it to yourself. Besides, it's no such great joke to be splashed and to catch cold, and spoil all one's things, whatever you may think of it."

"Splashed, quoth-a! Why, I thought you were soused all over. Come, come, don't mince the matter; never spoil a good story; you know you had not a dry thread about you. 'Fore George, I shall never think on't without hallooing! Such a poor, forlorn, draggle-tailed gentlewoman! And poor Monseer French here, like a drowned rat, by your side!"

"Well, the worse pickle we was in, so much the worser in you not to help us; for you know where we were fast enough,

because, while I laid in the mud, I'm pretty sure I heard you snicker. So it's like enough you jostled us down yourself; for Monsieur Du Bois says that he is sure he had a great jolt given him, or he shouldn't have fell."

The captain laughed so immoderately that he really gave me also a suspicion that he was not entirely innocent of the charge. However, he disclaimed it very peremptorily.

"Why, then," continued she, "if you didn't do that, why didn't you come to help us?"

"Who, I? What! do you suppose I had forgot I was an Englishman—a filthy, beastly Englishman?"

"Very well, sir, very well; but I was a fool to expect any better, for it's all of a piece with the rest. You know you wanted to fling me out of the coach-window the very first time I ever see you. But I'll never go to Ranlagh with you no more, that I'm resolved; for I dare say, if the horses had runned over me, as I laid in that nastiness, you'd never have stirred a step to save me."

"Lord, no, to be sure, ma'am, not for the world! I know your opinion of our nation too well to affront you by supposing a Frenchman would want my assistance to protect you. Did you think that monseer here and I had changed characters, and that he should pop you into the mud, and I help you out of it? Ha-ha-ha!"

"Oh, very well, sir, laugh on; it's like your manners. However, if poor Monsieur Du Bois had not met with that unlucky accident himself, I shouldn't have wanted nobody's help."

"Oh, I promise you, madam, you'd never have had mine; I knew my distance better. And as to your being a little ducked, or so, why, to be sure, monseer and you settled that between yourselves; so it was no business of mine."

"What then; I suppose you want to make me believe as Monsieur Du Bois served me that trick o' purpose?"

"O' purpose! Aye, certainly; who ever doubted that? Do you think a Frenchman ever made a blunder? If he had been some clumsy-footed English fellow, indeed it might have been accidental. But what the devil signifies all your hopping and capering with your dancing-masters, if you can't balance yourselves upright?"

In the midst of this dialogue Sir Clement Willoughby made his appearance. He affects to enter the house with the freedom of an old acquaintance; and this very easiness, which to me is astonishing, is what most particularly recommends him to the captain. Indeed, he seems very successfully to study all the humours of that gentleman.

After having heartily welcomed him, "You are just come in time, my boy," said he, "to settle a little matter of a dispute between this here gentlewoman and I. Do you know, she has been trying to persuade me that she did not above half like the ducking monseer gave her t'other night."

"I should have hoped," said Sir Clement with the utmost gravity, "that the friendship subsisting between that lady and gentleman would have guarded them against actions professedly disagreeable to each other. But probably they might not have discussed the matter previously, in which case the gentleman, I must own, seems to have been guilty of inattention, since, in my humble opinion, it was his business first to inquire whether the lady preferred soft or hard ground, before he dropped her."

"Oh, very fine, gentlemen—very fine!" cried Madame Duval. "You may try to set us together by the ears as much as you like; but I'm not such an ignorant person as to

be made a fool of so easily; so you needn't talk no more about it, for I sees into your designs."

Monsieur Du Bois, who was just able to discover the subject on which the conversation turned, made his defence in French, with great solemnity. He hoped, he said, the company would at least acknowledge he did not come from a nation of brutes, and consequently that to wilfully offend any lady was, to him, utterly impossible; but that on the contrary, in endeavouring, as was his duty, to save and guard her, he had himself suffered in a manner he would forbear to relate, but which, he greatly apprehended, he should feel the ill effects of for many months. And then, with a countenance exceedingly lengthened, he added that he hoped it would not be attributed to him as national prejudice when he owned that he must, to the best of his memory, aver that his unfortunate fall was due to a sudden but violent push, which, he was shocked to say, some malevolent person, with a design to his injury, must certainly have given him; but whether with a view to mortify him, by making him let the lady fall, or whether merely to spoil his clothes, he could not pretend to determine.

The disputation was at last concluded by Mrs. Mirvan's proposing that we should all go to Cox's Museum of mechanical curiosities. Nobody objected, and carriages were immediately ordered.

In our way down-stairs, Madame Duval in a very passionate manner said, "*Ma foi,* if I wouldn't give fifty guineas to know who gave us that shove!"—"*Evelina.*"

Maria Edgeworth

Sir Kit's Honeymoon

It was a very spirited letter, to be sure. Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for travelling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out because —God bless him!—he wrote in such a flurry. My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this. I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper, to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune. Then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to

Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country. Therefore a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate.

I never shall forget the day he came home. We had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall-door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage-door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the torch full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes; but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I, recollecting who she was.—"Did your Honour hear of the bonfires?"

His Honour spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps. He looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all. I know I took him for the skeleton of his Honour. I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires.

"My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, "there would have been fifty times as many; but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship, Jason and I forbid them, please your Honour."

With that she looked at me a little bewildered.

"Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?" was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered. So I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune. She was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own; that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church or mass. Mercy upon his Honour's poor soul, thought I. What will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate? I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself, for I had a great regard for the family. And after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw plain enough how things were between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements.

"Old Thady," said my master, just as he used to do, "how do you do?"

"Very well, I thank your Honour's honour," said I. But

I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.

"Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his Honour.

"Oh, damp, your Honour! How should it be but as dry as a bone," says I, "after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? It's the barrack-room your Honour's talking on."

"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What's this, Sir Kit?" and "What's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her.

"And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she, "that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"

"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip.

"Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it?" thought I, but I said nothing.

Then by-and-by she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country.

"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.

"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.

"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.

"You don't see it, my dear," says he; "for we've planted it out. When the trees grow up in summer-time—" says he.

"Where are the trees, my dear?" said she, still looking through her glass.

"You are blind, my dear," says he; "what are these under your eyes?"

"These shrubs?" said she.

"Trees," said he.

"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," said she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"

"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his Honour mad with her. "They are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at all, at all through the screen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family. We would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all. It cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."

Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over, for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; and then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed. Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I. "Is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he. "My master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross—it's worth I can't

tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married; but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his Honour one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" And then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely my lady should order and disorder what she pleases. But the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen. Then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig-meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath. And to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket.

—*"Castle Rackrent."*

Edward Copleston

How to Review Milton's L'Allegro

It has become a practice of late, with a certain description of people who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the schoolboy topics of Styx, and Cerberus, and Elysium, is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock-in-trade of these adventurers is in general scanty enough, and their art therefore consists in disposing of it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critic's business to detect and defeat the imposture; to warn the public against the purchase of shop-worn goods and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity with which they present themselves to the public notice.

How far Mr. Milton is amenable to this discipline will best appear from a brief analysis of the poem before us. In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority which might better suit some veteran bard than a raw candidate for the Delphic bays. Before he proceeds to the regular process of invocation, he clears the way by driving from his presence, with sundry hard names and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family, a venerable personage, whose age

at least, and staid, matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language:

> "Hence, loathéd Melancholy;
> Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn, etc."

There is no giving rules, however, in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before, and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the poet's dwelling. And, to say the truth, the reader will have but too good reason to remark, before he gets through the poem, that it is one thing to tell the spirit of dulness to depart, and another to get rid of her in reality. Like Glendower's spirits, any one may order them away, "but will they go when you do order them?"

But let us suppose for a moment that the Parnassian decree is obeyed, and according to the letter of the *order,* which is as precise and wordy as if Justice Shallow himself had drawn it, that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

> "'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights, etc.,"

at which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed, for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical instruments of this nature, and mean no more than the "force and arms," and "instigation of the devil" in a common indictment. This nuisance then being abated, we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different complexion, "buxom, blithe, and debonair;" one who, although evidently a great favourite of the poet's, and therefore to be

received with all due courtesy, is, notwithstanding, introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias:*

> "In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
> And by men, heart-easing Mirth."

Judging indeed from the light and easy deportment of this gay nymph, one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name as she changed her residence.

But of all vices, there is none we abhor more than that of slanderous insinuation; we shall therefore confine our moral strictures to the nymph's mother, in whose defence the poet has little to say himself. Here, too, as in the case of the *name,* there is some doubt; for the uncertainty of descent on the father's side having become trite to a proverb, the author, scorning that beaten track, has left us to choose between two mothers for his favourite, and without much to guide our choice; whichever we fix upon, it is plain she was no better than she should be. As he seems, however, himself inclined to the latter of the two, we will even suppose it so to be:

> "Or whether (as some sages sing)
> The frolic *wind that breathes the spring,*
> Zephyr with Aurora playing,
> *As he met her once a-Maying,*
> There on beds of violets blue,
> And fresh-blown roses washed in dew, etc."

Some dull people might imagine that the wind was more like the breath of spring, than spring the breath of the wind; but we are more disposed to question the author's ethics than his physics, and accordingly cannot dismiss these May gambols without some observations.

In the first place, Mr. M. seems to have higher notions of the antiquity of the Maypole than we have been accustomed to attach to it. Or perhaps he thought to shelter the equivocal nature of this affair under that sanction. To us, however, who can hardly subscribe to the doctrine that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," neither the remoteness of time nor the gaiety of the season furnishes a sufficient palliation. "Violets blue" and "fresh-blown roses" are, to be sure, more agreeable objects of the imagination than a gin-shop in Wapping or a booth in Bartholomew Fair; but in point of morality these are distinctions without a difference; or, it may be, the cultivation of mind, which teaches us to reject and nauseate these latter objects, aggravates the case if our improvement in taste be not accompanied by a proportionate improvement of morals.

If the reader can reconcile himself to this latitude of principle, the anachronism will not long stand in his way. Much, indeed, may be said in favour of this union of ancient mythology with modern notions and manners. It is a sort of chronological metaphor—an artificial analogy, by which ideas, widely remote and heterogeneous, are brought into contact, and the mind is delighted by this unexpected assemblage, as it is by the combinations of figurative language.

Thus in that elegant interlude, which the pen of Ben Jonson has transmitted to us, of the loves of Hero and Leander:

"Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander,
With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer in Puddle Wharf;
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
As the Bank side is our Sestos, and *let it not be denied us*."

Far be it from us to deny the use of so reasonable a liberty; especially if the request be backed (as it is in the case of Mr. M.) by the craving and imperious necessities of rhyme. What man who has ever bestrode Pegasus but for an hour will be insensible to such a claim?

We are next favoured with an enumeration of the attendants of this "debonair" nymph, in all the minuteness of a German *dramatis persona,* or a rope-dancer's handbill:

> "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful Jollity;
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek;
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides."

The author, to prove himself worthy of being admitted of the crew, skips and capers about upon "the light fantastic toe," that there is no following him. He scampers through all the categories, in search of his imaginary beings, from substance to quality, and back again; from thence to action, passion, habit, etc., with incredible celerity. Who, for instance, would have expected *cranks, nods, becks,* and *wreathéd smiles* as part of a group in which Jest, Jollity, Sport and Laughter figure away as full-formed entire personages? The family likeness is certainly very strong in the last two, and if we had not been told we should perhaps have thought the act of *deriding* as appropriate to laughter as to sport.

But how are we to understand the stage directions?

> '*Come,* and trip it as you *go.*"

Are the words used synonymously? Or is it meant that this airy gentry shall come in at a minuet step, and go off in a jig? The phenomenon of a *tripping crank* is indeed novel, and would doubtless attract numerous spectators. But it is difficult to guess to whom among this jolly company the poet addresses himself, for immediately after the plural appellative (you), he proceeds:

> "And in *thy* right hand lead with *thee*
> The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

No sooner is this fair damsel introduced, but Mr. M., with most unbecoming levity, falls in love with her, and makes a request of her companion, which is rather greedy, that he may live with both of them:

> "To live with her, and live with thee."

Even the gay libertine who sung, "How happy could I be with either," did not go so far as this. But we have already had occasion to remark on the laxity of Mr. M.'s amatory notions.

The poet, intoxicated with the charms of his mistress, now rapidly runs over the pleasures which he proposes to himself in the enjoyment of her society. But though he has the advantage of being his own caterer, either his palate is of a peculiar structure, or he has not made the most judicious selection. To begin the day well, he will have the *skylark*

> "to come in *spite of sorrow*,
> And at his window bid good morrow."

The skylark, if we know anything of the nature of that bird, must come in spite of something else as well as of sorrow, to

the performance of this office. In his next image the natural history is better preserved, and as the thoughts are appropriate to the time of the day, we will venture to transcribe the passage, as a favourable specimen of the author's manner:

> "While the cock with lively din
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
> And to the stack, or the barn-door,
> Stoutly struts his dames before;
> Oft listening how the hounds and horn
> Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
> From the side of some hoar hill,
> Through the high wood echoing shrill."

Is it not lamentable that, after all, whether it is the cock or the poet that listens, should be left entirely to the reader's conjecture? Perhaps also his embarrassment may be increased by a slight resemblance of character in these two illustrious personages, at least as far as relates to the extent and numbers of their seraglio.

After a *flaming* description of sunrise, on which occasion the clouds attend in their very best liveries, the bill of fare for the day proceeds in the usual manner. Whistling ploughmen, singing milkmaids, and sentimental shepherds are always to be had at a moment's notice, and, if well grouped, serve to fill up the landscape agreeably enough. On this part of the poem we have only to remark, that if Mr. John Milton proposes to make himself merry with

> "Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks *do* stray;

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds *do* often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements, etc.,"

he will either find himself egregiously disappointed, or he must possess a disposition to merriment which even Democritus himself might envy. To such a pitch indeed does this solemn indication of joy sometimes rise, that we are inclined to give him credit for a literal adherence to the apostolic precept, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms."

At length, however, he hies away at the sound of bell-ringing, and seems for some time to enjoy the tippling and fiddling and dancing of a village wake. But his fancy is soon haunted again by spectres and goblins, a set of beings not in general esteemed the companions or inspirers of mirth:

"With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."

Mr. M. seems indeed to have a turn for this species of nursery tales and prattling lullabies; and if he will studiously cultivate his talent he need not despair of figuring in a conspicuous corner of Mr. Newbury's shop-window; unless, indeed, Mrs. Trimmer should think fit to proscribe those empty levities and idle superstitions by which the world has been too long abused.

From these rustic fictions we are transported to another species of *hum:*

> "Towered cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men,
> Where throngs of knights and barons bold
> In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
> With *store of ladies*, whose bright eyes
> *Rain influence*, and judge the prize
> Of wit or arms, while both contend
> To win her grace, whom all commend."

To talk of the bright eyes of ladies judging the prize of wit is indeed with the poets a legitimate species of humming. But would not, we may ask, the *rain* from these ladies' bright eyes rather tend to dim their lustre? Or is there any quality in a shower of *influence,* which, instead of deadening, serves only to brighten and exhilarate? Whatever the case may be, we would advise Mr. M. by all means to keep out of the way of these knights and barons bold; for if he has nothing but his wit to trust to, we will venture to predict that, without a large share of most undue *influence,* he must be content to see the prize adjudged to his competitors.

Of the latter part of the poem little need be said. The author does seem somewhat more at home when he gets among

the actors and musicians, though his head is still running upon Orpheus and Eurydice, and Pluto, and other sombre gentry, who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gaiety.

Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming; two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting a useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business for the sake of indulging his poetical humour, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry he may become a respectable scrivener; but it is not all the Zephyrs, and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrsises, aye, nor his junketing Queen Mab and drudging goblins, that will ever make him a poet.

—*"Advice to a Young Reviewer."*

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